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Junior Issue



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RUTLAND, VERMONT
MARCH 1929

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Editors



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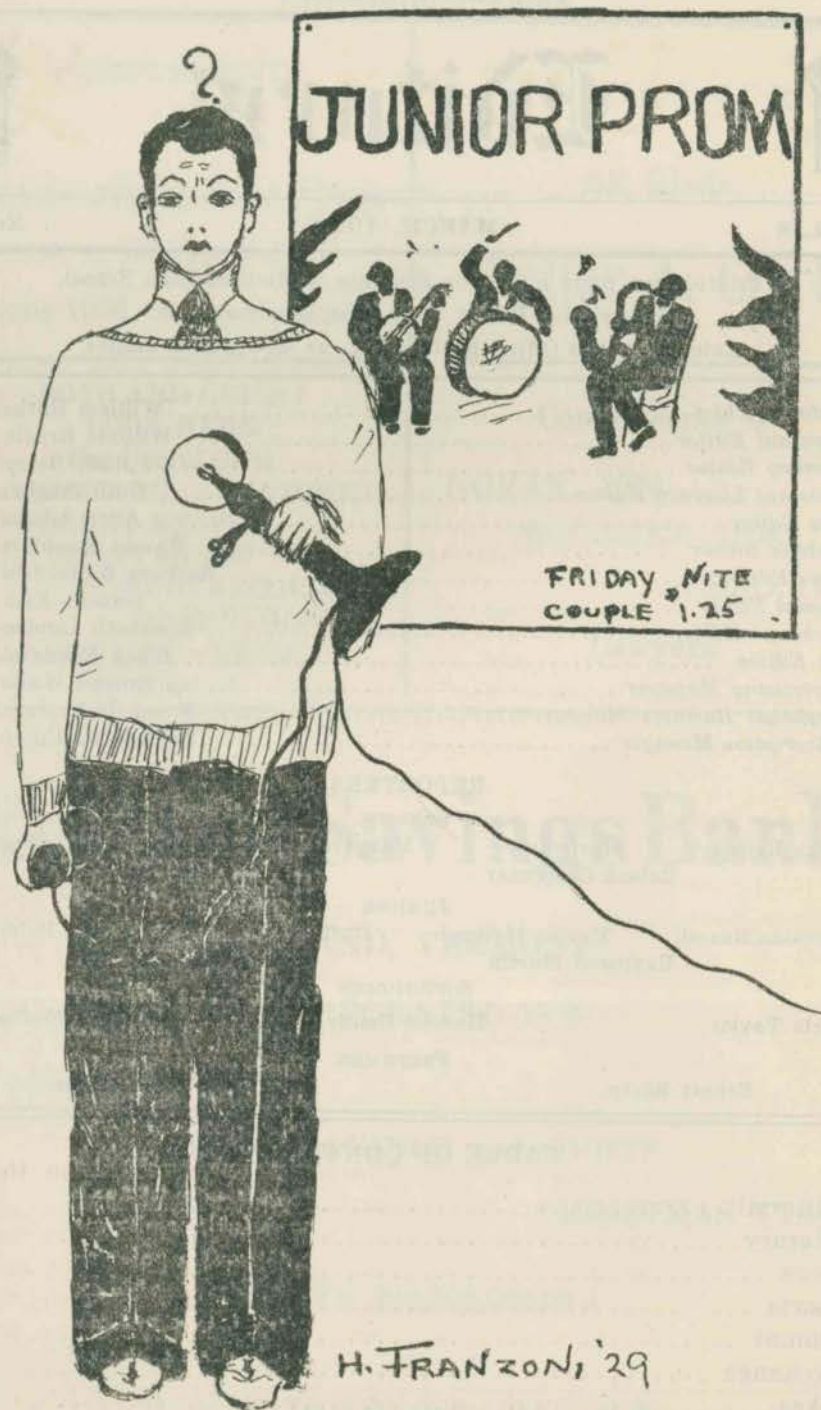
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Editorials



IN APPRECIATION.

The majority of the students that read this magazine fail to realize what a tremendous growth it has attained, as compared with the size of the first Red and White. There is no one in school at the present time who can remember as far back as when there was no school paper, but it is only within the past seven or eight years that such a publication has existed.

Mrs. Green, about eight years ago, started the Red and White. The paper was about the same size as it is now, but its appearance was irregular, having no set date of issuance. When enough money was collected the magazine blossomed forth, but occasions were rare and far between.

Three years later Miss Beebe took over Mrs. Green's work but again, thru lack of pecuniary means, the paper was an uncertain proposition.

In the fall of 1925 a Freshmen issue was released. Since that time the Red and White has come out periodically, four times a year. Instead of being in debt, its finances have been so adjusted that at the present time there is a very favorable balance in its banking account.

Credit should be given where credit is due, and it is only right that the school should know that it is our principal, Mr. Johnson, who is responsible for the financial success of your paper. Thru his guidance, it has been a paying proposition. Without his aid it is probable that the school would be without its Red and White at the present time.

MOTHER.

In the last issue of this magazine, there was a short editorial on "DAD". Is it not fitting that with "Mother's Day" coming soon, that something be said about his faithful partner?

How we all look up to her, adore her, worship her, even more than life itself. Our counsel, confidant and confederate, a healer of both physical and mental wounds; a steadfast rock on which to build our ideals. She is the little boy's sweetheart, the little girl's playmate, the youth's ideal, the maiden's advisor. No adjective will fit her, for she is beyond description; no harm can touch her, for she is celestial.

She is the queen of the earth, as well as the queen of our hearts. Here's to Mother!

STUDENT COUNCIL.

With the entrance of the student body into our new building, a new system of student government has been organized.

It is the aim of the sponsors of this system to give the students a means by which they may voice their opinions on any situation which may arise in which they have an interest. To accomplish this, each home room has a representative to act as spokesman for the members of their respective rooms, and all objections are brought by them to the attention of the council in session. These objections are considered by the Council and Faculty Advisors and if deemed proper are sustained and the objectionable rules remedied.

Undoubtedly it will require some time to get this organization firmly established, but it should command the earnest support of all concerned.

ACTIVITY.

The desire for efficiency is strong in all of us and activity is a means to this end. Activity is one of the strongest impulses of youth, and it is by activity that both our mental and physical powers are developed and perfected. We have all experienced the satisfaction of solving a difficult problem in school work, overcoming some difficulty, or accomplishing some athletic feat, and this would not have been possible had we remained idle—we were obliged to exert our mental powers and physical skill.

Just at present there are wonderful opportunities for the high school pupil to gratify his desire for activity. There are contests of an educational nature aside from the usual work, such as oratorical, essay-writing, etc. And then the athletic events. When a pupil desires to become a contestant in any of these he makes an effort to excel and even though he may not be the winner, he derives much satisfaction in knowing that he made an earnest endeavor to do his best. And he has thereby increased his efficiency so much more by his extra activity in that line.

In conclusion I would say we should all be up and doing, taking a lively and active interest in all school games, contests, etc., becoming a participant where possible, and each time trying to do a little better than the time before. To do this we must make extra exertion both mental and physical, but in the end we add to our efficiency which is its own reward.

IN THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE.

Little do we, the boys and girls of Rutland High, realize how closely we are watched. How praised or criticized we are by the citizens of our city; they see all, hear all, and pass it on.

Surely we give them good athletic teams and a school orchestra that ranks with the best. Our graduates achieve honor in college in athletics, and scholarship, in civil life by becoming good citizens and leading business men.

In turn the citizens give us our new school, they make possible everything we have and all the honor we attain can never repay the debt we owe them.

Sometimes we forget this debt, pride becomes a part of us, we grow reckless, assuming an air of independence; then is the time we come into the public eye.

The main body of students are not the cause, it is only a certain clique, those who should be, and pretend to be leaders in social and school affairs. They are the so called "younger set" of the city. Their code seems to be, to never make an appearance in public unless some disturbance is caused, seldom a drastic one but always enough to cause talk.

Black eyes are given to the school by those who go through the streets singing High School songs and yelling cheers. Some do not care about their own self-respect nor the good name of the school.

As a result of the actions of a few the whole student body is given a bad name, moreover, when any crime is committed or a scandal arises, it is laid to the High School students. The citizens of Rutland have forgotten the good worth of the students, as the students have forgotten the debt they owe the citizens.

This situation can be remedied, and should be. Let's all govern our conduct in school and out, so that we will bring respect to ourselves and give our school the good name it deserves.



"A LONDON EPISODE."

It was midnight. A dense fog hung over the Thames river and the nearby docks, concealing everything. Even the light from the occasional street lamp was blurred and the moon was almost invisible. There appeared to be no one about except a disreputable looking man, leaning against one of the lamp posts, his cap pulled far down over his eyes, and idly smoking a cigarette.

He had been standing there perhaps fifteen minutes when another figure slouched through the darkness and thickening fog into the radius of the light. As if recognizing the first, he quickened his pace and strode up to the idler. After calmly throwing away his cigarette, the two began to converse in an undertone. After a moment the newcomer began to let out a flow of hurried words, while the other merely shook his head occasionally and said nothing.

"But I tell you Nick, we are making fools of ourselves, particularly you. You haven't any actual facts and I'd hate to rely on that pet theory of yours, even though you've been right ninety-nine times out of a hundred. But it doesn't sound feasible and I'll be hanged if I'll have you make a blunder of this job!"

Nick only smiled faintly and patted the other on the shoulder. "You don't need to worry yet, old fellow. If anything turns up, as I think it shall, it's going to in the next hour or so."

A look of admiration, almost of worship appeared on the other's face.

"You sure do beat anything I ever saw, Nick—how you know all this gets me—say nothing of your rig. I don't believe your mother would know you now."

The other held up a warning hand. "Gently, gently, my friend," he interposed. "It is true there is no one in the vicinity likely to hear, but recollect that I have no more wish to be discovered than I ever had."

Jones looked a bit crestfallen but after a moment as if struck with a new thought, said, "Nick, I'd like to ask your personal opinion on something. You may not agree—but you'll have to admit that

what few clues we have had, have all pointed to one man and that man alone, the wealthy Earl of Westchester. A blind man could see—"

"What utter rubbish," burst out Nick without waiting for him to finish. His jeering laughter fairly stung, it was so full of pitying derision. "My friend, have you taken to reading dime novels of late. I should have given you credit for more common sense! But never mind—we must not stand here. You know your directions," he finished curtly.

Slowly lighting another cigarette, he assumed his former position against the post, appearing unconscious of Jones, who regarded him intently for a moment, then shook his head, and turning, moved on into the darkness.

A few days before then, the chief of Police at London flung aside the paper he was reading and wheeled round in his reading desk chair, alert on the instant. He knew well what the coming of the footsteps toward his private office portended. One of his messengers was returning. Maybe they would get at the facts of the matter now and be relieved from the sneers of harping critics and the very evident digs of ambitious newspaper reporters who seemed to think that the police force was to blame and should be regarded as incompetent if every evil doer in London was not instantly revealed and his craftiest secrets laid before the public. He had done his best to put together the fragments of the puzzle and if the newspapers regarded it as so easy, let them have the job, thought he.

The door opened and closed and policeman Warner stood before him at attention.

"Well," blurted out Chief Kingsley. "Speak up!—another false alarm, am I not right?"

"Yes sir," answered Warner, "same way as the other," flinging his hand outward in a gesture of despair, "The papers will be full of it tomorrow."

"Full of it? Can they be any more full than they are already? They can't say anything more than they have. But wait—I'll make them eat their words up! There is no use blinking the fact though, that none of us will make a record for ourselves."

The clues of the case were few and far between, but it was a known fact that dope was being imported in great quantities into this city and then distributed all over the country. Through circumstantial evidence, several persons were held under suspicion, but nothing definite had come of that. It was certainly a clever affair altogether and the local police had no sooner started on one clue than they were back where they had begun. This had been going on for

several months when Chief of Police Kingsley, giving up all hope of solving it, summoned a famous Detective of Scotland Yard. This person had arrived and almost immediately had given his orders and seemed to have something definite in mind. The clever detective proved to be no other than the idler, Nick Lawson. He had begged four days in which to solve this serious crime and had consequently, unintentionally or perhaps intentionally, embarrassed the police force to a great degree for they were mindful of the number of months they had been on a fruitless search.

But it was now the second night after his arrival. Lawson had his cause planned and his men stationed. Half past one had come and gone, then two, and then quarter after two. Nick had smoked all his cigarettes by this time and now and then snapped his fingers nervously. Was he on the wrong track as James had said? Still—he couldn't give up now.

Suddenly he was alert. Faintly, the chugging of a motor boat was heard. At once his hopes returned. With the cool mist air on his face, he felt the spirit of the adventure. At the same time a grinding of something on the cobblestone pavement caused him to turn and look over his shoulder. In the darkness he perceived a large shape moving toward the light. He stepped back and the shadow began to take form. In the uncertain light, Lawson saw an old peddler pushing his cart slowly along, upon which were many crates and boxes. If one were not looking for strange proceedings, this would have seemed a common thing but it was one more clue for Lawson. He knew the man was unconscious of his presence and he eyed the peddler curiously but more so his load. In the dim light he could not make out the contents of the crates but he had learned enough already.

After he had passed by, without as much as a signal to his men, Lawson made his way quickly but silently to an old abandoned boat which was tied to one of the docks. He had discovered this the previous afternoon and climbing in made himself as inconspicuous as possible. The motor boat which he had heard a few moments before was fairly near by this time and suddenly the motor was shut off. Five minutes elapsed and then quietly out of the mist emerged this boat. Five figures were visible and one gave a long low whistle. Almost immediately, the peddler with his push cart appeared on the dock.

"Good," whispered one of the men, "I had a feeling he wouldn't be here tonight."

"Aw, go on," jerrered the other, "don't let the weather affect you, —besides if that old bird knows what's good for him, he'd better be here."

The first man stepped lightly upon the dock, and after a hurried word with the peddler, at once began to unload the crates from the cart. A soft cooing might be heard as the man on the dock gently handed them down to the other in the boat. As soon as this was finished, so as not to attract attention from any stray passerby, the peddler pushed on.

Then a curious procedure commenced. Lawson watched and listened intently. One by one the crates were opened. Each contained several pure white pigeons, as Nick could quite easily make out. One of the men fastened something onto the leg of each pigeon, then released it. Each fluttered a moment then rose into the air and disappeared.

Their work completed for the night, one of the men whistled softly again, and in less than no time, the peddler reappeared and on to his cart were loaded the empty crates. A bill was thrust into his hands and he trundled away into the night. After a bit of grumbling about the untying of the boat, the men pushed off and rowed until it was safe to start the motor.

After making sure he was unobserved, Lawson climbed out of the boat and made his way to where he knew his men would be waiting. Giving them merely a smile, he said "That's all for tonight boys, it won't be long now."

The men looked at one another, trying to comprehend, but failing entirely. Knowing that it was useless to try to gain information from him, until he was ready to give it to them, they simply walked along through the narrow silent streets until they reached their car. Lawson was lost in a reverie all the way to his hotel, but upon reaching there, his final words were, "Report at headquarters at 9 o'clock this A. M. Will finish this up," he added, then left them.

Entering his room at the hotel, he lighted a cigarette and sat staring intently into space. If his thoughts could have been conveyed to several persons, they would have been shaken with fear, but luckily they could not. Four thirty had struck when he finally rose, and smiling to himself, lay down for a few hours sleep.

At five minutes of nine o'clock, the third morning, Lawson and the police force were assembled at headquarters. Everyone but Lawson was tense with suppressed excitement. He sat calmly surveying them with his curious twisted smile. A curl of blue smoke rose from his ever present cigarette. At the stroke of nine he rose. Thirty minutes later, his colleagues were fully informed regarding their duties for the following night.

The day passed uneventfully to all outward appearance.

However, at 2.15 A. M. all was in readiness. From a distance came the chugging of a motor boat and at the same time was heard a grinding on the cobblestone pavement, a peddler pushing a cart, laden with crates and boxes. As the boat came nearer, the motor was shut off and in five minutes it appeared at the dock. Immediately it was made secure and one of the occupants gave a long low whistle. The other stepped lightly upon the dock, to be met by the peddler. Things proceeded exactly as the night before. The crates were unloaded from the peddler's cart and lowered into the boat. The peddler immediately withdrew as was the case the previous night. The crates were opened, the pigeons, laden with their tiny but valuable burdens, were released one by one. No sooner had the last pigeon disappeared into the air, when a sudden pistol shot pierced the calmness, followed instantly by another, then another. Immediately all was confusion on the dock and its occupants were covered by Lawson's men.

At precisely the same time, the distant drone of a powerful sea plane was heard. Emerging from a near by cove was seen the shadowy outline of a huge hydroplane, which after skimming over the water for a moment, rose gracefully into the air, proceeding in a northerly direction, its powerful searchlight blazing its way through the darkness.

The occupants of the motor boat were seized, taken into custody by Lawson's men, and removed to headquarters, followed a few minutes later by the entrance of still another policeman in charge of the alleged peddler.

One half hour later, the radio operator of police headquarters received the following message:

"Police headquarters, London, England. Have followed course of pigeons. Destination 40 miles directly north—Earl of Westchester's estate—just outside Hereford—Follow with police and full equipment.

"Lawson."

An hour later found the police stationed around the estate of the Earl of Westchester. Inside Lawson and Chief Kingsley were conducting a thorough examination of the entire household.

Next morning we find Lawson and the Chief of Police back in London, at headquarters. Seated on the Chief's desk, calmly smoking a cigarette, we see a different Lawson from the sleuth of the docks two nights previous. His well shaped head expressed great intellect and his chin showed determination. His slick black hair shone in the sunlight and in his dark eyes there was a peculiar twinkle. He was relating the complete story to a young newspaper reporter.

"And so," Lawson was saying, "you see, after observing the tactics of those men at the dock, the first night, I had nearly all my clues and immediately laid out my plans and set them before the police department the next morning.

"But what were some of those clues, Mr. Lawson?" asked the reporter with interest.

"That, I am sorry to say, is something of a personal nature and deals only with natural instinct. But to go on with my story. The plans I laid before the department were these: I wished to have a group of men, concealed around the dock, one man in particular, to follow and capture the peddler after his disposal of the crates of pigeons, another man, for the sole purpose of observing in what direction the pigeons flew upon being released, was to fire a revolver a successive number of times which enabled me to know in what direction the pigeons flew. Upon hearing three shots, which signified north, I knew what course to follow. The other men at the dock I used for the purpose of capturing the occupants of the motor boat. I headed north in the hydroplane which was fully equipped with radio apparatus and aided by powerful searchlights, easily picked up the trail of the pigeons. Luckily it was a clear night. They led me directly to the estate of the Earl of Westchester. You know perhaps of a pigeon's instinct to fly directly back from where it has been taken. Messenger pigeons were used during the war a great deal, but these particular pigeons were making possible the transportation of dope—cocaine to be exact. I fear I've gotten a bit ahead of my story," laughed Nick. "But upon making sure of the destination of the pigeons, the radio operator who accompanied me, immediately sent out the message which you have already heard."

"Upon examination of the household, I found that the Earl of Westchester had of late suspected his caretaker of being connected in some underhanded deal. He spoke of one incident.

"One afternoon, he and the caretaker had been feeding the pigeons, and suddenly the latter picked up one of them and attempted to remove something from its leg. The Earl mistrusted something then and there but appeared to suspect nothing until he had had a more definite reason for so doing. Upon examining that certain pigeon a little later in the day, the Earl found that its leg had been injured slightly, as if due to a steel band being placed on it. That practically settled it. The caretaker, upon investigation was found to be a member of a huge dope ring, and guilty of smuggling dope from London to Hertford. To assist them, they employed the Earl of Westchester's pigeons, to carry the dope in tiny vials attached to their legs by

a tiny metal band. From the estate it was easily distributed.

"That's all. You have the complete story, but please, I beg of you, don't forget to give the local police credit in helping me solve this dope smuggling confederacy," he added, smiling at Chief Kingsley.

J. P. '30.

THE THIRD DAY.

I am the third day.
I come into the world
'Midst the pealing of
Church bells
And the bloom of
New born flowers.
I symbolize victory—
Victory which endureth
From generation
To generation.
I promise life—
Everlasting.
Because of me
Man cannot die.
Because of me
Christ reigns on high.
For
I am the third day
The Resurrection Morning.

(W) M. L. B.

SMOKED HERON.

In the little town of Sudbury, Mass. lived a family by the name of Heron. The father and mother of this family both had to work hard to feed and clothe all the little Herons. There were eight children ranging from the ages of thirteen years to two.

One afternoon in midsummer there was a great deal of excitement in the Heron family for Mother Heron had received word from her aunt, who lived in Waverly, that she was coming to make them a visit. Perhaps you wonder why the visit of an aunt should cause so much excitement. The explanation is the Heron family very seldom had visitors. Another thing was this aunt was supposed to be very rich. It was said that she carried her wealth in a black tin box because she did not trust banks.

The day and the hour arrived for the coming of Aunt Margaret. All the little Herons were dressed in their best. Their little faces shone from vigorous scrubbing and their hair was plastered tight to their heads. They all looked eagerly up the road for Aunt Margaret was expected on the stage.

"Here she comes! Here she comes!" yelled one of the little Herons jumping up and down excitedly.

The chorus of "here she comes" was taken up by the other seven little Herons.

"Hush," cautioned their mother as she appeared in the doorway. "We don't want Aunt Margaret to think that she has come among wild Indians."

The dancing and yelling ceased. The stage drew up before the door and stopped. There was a pause, the driver looked down from his perch, "Well I thought there was someone to get off here but I guess there must have been a mistake," he said.

The stage started on. The faces of the little Herons became very long. The smallest burst out, "Naughty old stage driver didn't bring my Auntie," and began to cry.

The stage was rounding the corner when all of a sudden it stopped. The door burst open and a very angry little old woman hopped out.

"Oh, you miserable wretch," she cried to the driver. "You wouldn't wait long enough for me to find my black box. You were that impatient you had to start right on without letting me out. I believe you wanted to kidnap me."

"Why, why-er Madam," stammered the astonished stage driver. "I did stop for you but I thought I must have made a mistake for no one got out."

"Well I was looking for my box and you didn't give me time enough," snapped the irate old lady. "And now see where I am. I'll have to walk all the way back just because of your stupidity."

"Why Madam, I'm sorry. If you will get in I will take you right back," apologized the driver.

"No, I won't get back in," said the little woman. "You won't get another chance to kidnap me."

The driver seeing that there was no use of arguing drove on leaving the little old lady standing in the center of the road clutching her black box.

The old lady started back up the road and turned in at the Heron home. The little Herons, thinking their Aunt was not coming had begun to play when one of them looking up spied her. With a yell of

"here she comes" he burst into the house. His mother appeared at the door to welcome the old lady.

"Look she has her black box," whispered one of the Heron girls.

The old woman was duly welcomed into the Heron family. She stayed one month, she stayed two, and she kept staying. But in all that time no one in the Heron family had seen the contents of that black box. It was always with the old lady. At night when Aunt Margaret went to bed they would hear the clink, clink of coins dropping one by one into the box.

Time passed, another little Heron made his appearance in the already large family of Herons. But what was to be the name of this little boy. The mother wished to call him Kenneth Leroy but his father thought that was too fancy, he wished to call him Peter. One day when Father and Mother were arguing over the name of the little Heron, Aunt Margaret appeared with the black box under her arm.

She took a chair and sat listening to their conversation. Then with a cunning gleam in her eyes she said, "If you will name the baby the name I choose he shall have this black box and its contents when I pass to the other world."

Father Heron looked at Mother Heron, Mother Heron looked at Father. Father Heron nodded.

"That will be a good way to decide his name," said Mother Heron.

"Then," said Aunt Margaret solemnly, "His name shall be," she made an impressionable pause, "Smoked, Smoked Heron."

"Smoked Heron," gasped Father and Mother Heron together.

"Yes, Smoked Heron," repeated the old lady, "that is if he is to have the contents of my black box!"

Thus he was christened, Smoked Heron.

In due time Smoked Heron started into school. The schoolmaster was new in that district. He asked each pupil to give his name in turn. It came to the little Heron's turn.

"What is your name little man?" asked the schoolmaster kindly.

"Smoked Heron" was the reply.

The schoolmaster frowned, so far he had had no trouble. Was he going to have trouble with this little fellow? He looked like a nice little boy but he could have no fooling in the school.

"Come don't be funny," said the schoolmaster sharply, "What is your name?"

"Smoked Heron," was the quick reply.

"That will do," said the master grimly as the school burst into

laughter. "You may remain after school young man until you decide to tell me your name."

Time for dismissal came. Poor little Smoked Heron sat in his seat. All the children went out except little Belinda Hornblower, who lingered by the door and looked timidly at the schoolmaster.

"Well Belinda, what is it?" asked the schoolmaster.

"Please sir," gasped Belinda, looking very frightened. "His name really and truly is, Smoked Heron".

The schoolmaster looked from one childish face to the other. Little Smoke was in tears, Belinda's lip was quivering. Those children could not be fooling and look so innocent, thought the schoolmaster. Then he went up to the little boy and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Don't cry, little man," he said. "You will have to forgive me. I never happened to hear your name before."

After that Smoked Heron and the schoolmaster were the best of friends.

When Smoked Heron came out of school he found Belinda Hornblower waiting for him.

"How did you dare to do it, Belinda?" Smoked asked as the two started for home. "Weren't you afraid of him?"

"Well a little," admitted Belinda.

"What made you do it?" questioned Smoke.

"Because I felt sorry for you," was the answer, "I knew how you felt because my name is funny and yours is worse."

It was then, for the first time that Smoked Heron realized his name was funny.

Smoked Heron grew up as did Belinda Hornblower. Smoke asked Belinda to marry him, but her answer was:

"I'm sorry Smoke, I like you, but not well enough to marry you when you have such a ridiculous name. My name is funny and when I change it I want a common name!"

Smoked Heron went away cursing the luck that had given him such a name. Then he brightened as he thought of the large fortune he would receive by bearing that name.

Aunt Margaret finally passed to the other world. The will was read. At last Smoked Heron had come into his inheritance. He took the box and went to his room where prying eyes could not watch him. He set the box on the bureau. He viewed it dreamily, then he fell to dreaming of what its contents would do for him. Finally he roused himself and opened it! He looked eagerly into it! Then a blank expression came over his face. He reached with his hand into the box

and brought up a handful of the contents.

The contents was Buttons, many different kinds of Buttons, all shapes and colors!

At first Smoked Heron was too stunned to realize anything, then his stupidity turned into wrath. He hurled the box out of the window and sank to his bed shaking with anger.

"To think," he muttered after a while, "that I have to bear such a horrible name as Smoked Heron all my life for the foolishness of my parents."

Later he went to New York. He registered at a hotel as John Black. For the first time since Smoke could remember no queer glances were given him as the clerk read the name. It seemed to Smoked Heron as if something was lacking.

When he entered the office for his new work there was no snickering among the girls and young men. It seemed very queer to him for he was used to being laughed at.

He met a girl at one of his friend's parties; her name was Mary White. She was even nicer than Belinda Hornblower, he came at last to think.

He finally asked Mary to become his wife, but Mary's answer was:

"I cannot marry a man with so common a name as John Black. I want, when I get married, a man with an uncommon name, because my name is so common!"

"Glory be!" shouted Smoked Heron as he threw his hat in the air.

Mary looked frightened, then hurt.

"Well, John Black, if you're so glad to get rid of me, why did you ask me to marry you?"

Smoked Heron looked at Mary dazedly.

"I don't want to get rid of you, but you will marry me. You won't marry John Black but Smoked Heron."

"Why—er, John," stammered Mary who was now in Smoke's arms.

"Not John, but Smoked, Smoked Heron," he silenced her with a kiss.

E. R. '30.

"THE FOOT-STEPS CAME AND—"

It was a stormy night in Haverstraw. Lee Hunter stood at the window, gazing at the turbulent water of the Hudson River. A more weird night could ne'er be found. The rain beat a tattoo on the win-

dow panes, the wind howled, and the ferry boats emitted hideous shrieks of warning, telling either of arrival or departure.

A door slammed and a cheery "Hello" rang thru the house. Lee turned from the window, with a surprised expression on her face. "Why Anne, I had given up all hope that you would come. I'm glad, 'cause you know I hate to stay home alone."

"Well old dear, I decided that Dad could drive me up in the car as well as not if he cared to, so all I had to do was to make him realize it was the very thing he wanted to do all the time."

Anne threw her things on a chair and flopped down on the couch.

"I say, Lee, it's a ghastly night. It gives me the willies to hear those heathenish ferry whistles."

"I'm with you there," laughed Lee. "Have some of this candy. Yes, George sent it to me. Wasn't that nice of him, tho?" It just came this morning. He really is a peach and—"

"Just a second, Lee. We all know George is a peach, that you are going to the Dartmouth house party and that he is that crazy over you. But how's this for news? Jack and I are engaged and here is his fraternity pin. Not bad-looking. I always did crave those Delta Upsilon pins. He's a dear too."

"Which," asked Lee impishly, "the fraternity pin or Jack?"

"Oh Lee, cut it out. How about—" Anne stopped suddenly, and her eyes widened. "My goodness!" she exclaimed.

"Well, well original remarks from Miss Know-it-all. What's the trouble now? Trying to decide whether to sign your letter to Jack, always your loving Anne, or—" She stopped suddenly. "My word" she whispered, "it's the tower bell of Sing Sing."

"Yes" said Anne, "I thought you'd come to, pretty soon."

Clang! Clang! The bell sounded and resounded. The wind carried the sound farther away, and then nearer, nearer, with the horrible clanging that told a whole story. A convict had escaped!

"Oh, Lee," exclaimed Anne, "We're all alone, and there's a convict escaped and—Oh dear, I just know he murdered four people and robbed six banks—and—"

She stopped and gazed at Lee with horror in her eyes.

"Listen," she cried.

The sound of footsteps came distinctly to them. Slow, careful footsteps from the direction of the kitchen. Both girls too frightened to speak, gazed at each other in despair. Lee found her breath first. "Call the police Anne—oh dear—I'm scared stiff."

"So am I, Lee. I'm afraid to call the police, 'cause the convict

might even kill us if he heard us try to phone. I'm glad it isn't my house so I won't have to go and see what it is."

"Um," said Lee, in a worried voice, "I guess I'll have to go out, and see what's up. You come with me Anne, Oh dear, I'm so trembly, I can't walk. Well here goes."

Lee slowly advanced toward the kitchen door. In loud tones, she cried, "Thank goodness, Dad is Chief of Police, I declare here he comes now." The last part of the sentence wavered suspiciously, and did not bear the conviction of the words as well as it might. Lee opened the door a bit. The foot-steps never faltered, slowly and surely they advanced. With one courageous effort, Lee flung the door wide open, and turned on the light. No one was in sight. Anne crouched behind Lee. The foot-steps continued.

Dawn broke upon Lee, not dawn of morning, but dawn of thought.

The lid of the tea kettle bobbed up and down, up and down, as nonchalantly as if it had never frightened two girls half to death. Truly, the popping lid of the tea kettle did sound like foot-steps.

"Hm," said Lee, "Queer name for a convict isn't it. Mr. Tea-kettle!"

M. H. '29.

THE SKI JUMPER.

"Nick" Rogers was poised at the top of the ski-jump run when he heard a shrill French voice calling him. Since he did not understand French he waved a friendly hand to the Alpine guard. The guard was hurrying toward him making frantic gestures for Nick to wait but Nick only gave him a smile, and turned back to stare down the dizzy slopes ahead of him. He raised his eyes to the snow-covered mountains miles away across the valley. His gaze sought some landmark, something dark in that field of white; immediately his search was rewarded. Directly opposite him on the crest of the mountain was the outline of a Swiss mountain home. With his eyes glued to this he threw his strong athletic body forward. Quickly he gained speed, and then, traveling at perhaps a mile a minute, he shot out into space.

It was a beautiful jump, over one hundred and eighty feet, and when Nick's long Canadian skis hit the hard-packed snow, sending out a large whack, the few casual spectators set up a round of applause.

Keeping a perfect balance Nick whizzed on down the steep slope. Bending, at first far to the right till his body almost touched the snow

and then repeating the stunt, this time to the left, he brought himself to a stop. He was directly in front of the ski-house situated at one side of the jump.

While dusting the snow from his blue outfit one of the guards approached him. First he participated in a torrent of wild arm-waving and what Nick took to be forceful French. In college he had studied the Gaelic tongue but he discovered in the actual use of it what sounded like a combination of Greek and German. However, he removed his cap and ran his fingers through his curly brown hair. "Je ne comprends pas," he stated weakly. The information that his victim didn't understand only made his tormentor the more excited. Nick was beginning to be worried when help arrived in the form of a man of fifty or so with iron-grey hair and fine twinkling eyes. In his golf clothes and mountain boots he made a trim figure.

"Gee! I'm glad to see you, Mr. Kelton," said Nick. "I seem to be the pet black horse of every Alpine guard around the place. I wish you'd try and enlighten me."

Mr. Kelton grinned cheerfully. "Hello, Nick!" he said. "Guess it isn't anything very serious. Probably broke rule nine hundred, ninety-nine. I'll see." He turned to the guard and in perfect French fired off a series of questions.

In a moment Mr. Kelton turned to Nick. "He says," indicating the guard, "that only experts are allowed to go off the big jump,—to keep people who don't know how from breaking their necks. He says you must have a card from the Control. You don't happen to have one, do you?"

"No, I didn't know anything about it."

Kelton again turned to the guard and another volley of French followed. Then Kelton turned smiling, to Nick again. "I explained to him that you were the intercollegiate ski-jumping champion of the United States. He said from the jump you took he could well believe it and that he, personally would be glad to recommend you to the Control."

That night as Nick sat next to Sally Kelton in the lounge of the Grand Hotel he thought about the Basque he was introduced to at dinner. "Penny for your thoughts," cried Sally. "Don't fret, Nick, I know you're thinking about the Swiss championship. I know you'll win."

"Wrong!" said Nick, "I was thinking about that Basque chap I met at dinner. You've met him before, haven't you?"

"Yes! Dad and I met him in Paris last fall. You don't like him do you?"

Instead of answering her question, he said, "They say Mr. Vasquez has a fine chance for the championship."

The girl refused to comment on this. "He has exquisite manners," she said. "I like him."

The conversation ended with the appearance of the man. Vasquez bowed low over Sally's hand and bowed coldly to Nick. He was a thin man with a sallow complexion, a wisp of a moustache, oily black hair, and all the manners of the Southern European. "Mr. Kelton has been telling me you fancy yourself on the skis. Perhaps we shall encounter in the contest?"

Before Nick could answer Mr. Kelton said, "I had no intention of conveying the impression that Mr. Rogers fancied himself on skis. Nick isn't that sort of person who boasts about himself."

Sally felt called upon to say something. "I'm afraid that you, Daddy, and Mr. Rogers don't quite understand the use of the word 'fancy'. Come dance with me, Mr. Vasquez," they glided along to the strains of an American orchestra.

The next morning was spent in the elimination of contestants for the championship. Each man was permitted three attempts to qualify. Nick stood at the head of the runway awaiting the signal. Meanwhile he spied far below that gay blue tam of Sally's. She waved and at the same time the signal was given. Then, something went wrong. Perhaps it was the blue tam, perhaps the glint of the sun on the snow. He flew into space with a queer, wabbling motion. Anyway he couldn't locate his course marking Swiss chalet, on the mountain opposite. Nick slewed dangerously and then fell in a series of somersaults. For an instant he lay motionless on the white snow, then slowly, experimentally, he stretched forth his arms and legs one at a time. He sat up, trying to drive away the stars, then he rose to his feet. Next came Vasquez's jump. It was a beautiful one, the best so far.

Late in the afternoon Nick got his second chance. As he was waiting he fastened his eyes on the dark spot, the chalet. Not once from the time he started did he take his eyes from the spot. He went like greased lightning. As his skis swept over the brink of the take-off, he spread his arms out and sailed out into space in a perfect leap.

As the figures went upon the score-board every one ran to congratulate him, for it read "198 feet, the longest jump of the day."

Sally was, however, having tea with Vasquez. Early in the evening she offered her good wishes but they appeared a little stiff to Nick. Vasquez and she now stood to one side and Vasquez said rather maliciously, "Perhaps Mr. Rogers will explain his vast superiority."

Nick said, "As to my superiority, tomorrow will tell that," and he went on to tell how he had the chalet to mark his course. He afterwards regretted having told.

That night three strange ruffians ascended the mountains with what looked like whitewash in some pails.

The next day dawned bright and cold. Nick stood at the top of the jump and gazed, bewildered at the opposite mountain where the chalet had stood. At last the truth sunk in; his hope, his chance to win had vanished. Nick turned toward Vasquez only to catch a look of triumph on his face.

The signal given, Nick started but with nothing to aim at he made only one hundred and seventy feet. Vasquez followed with a wonderful jump of two hundred feet.

Sally beckoned to Nick and he went over. "Nick! your chalet, your sighting mark is gone. Completely whitewashed." "What?" cried Nick, while Sally explained to him how the maid at the hotel told her about how her brother and another fellow had been hired to go and do it; and had been told to offer the man \$100 to let them whitewash his place and agree to leave it that way for a week.

Nick was silent for awhile, "I'm not going to take my second chance!" "Not quitting?" asked Mr. Kelton. "No," said Nick, "but I'm going to wait and take the third which will come late this afternoon."

Late that afternoon he took his third chance. Standing at the top of the runway he waved to Sally who in turn waved back and then again raised his eyes to the opposite mountains on which a little white house showed like a new moon poised in the sky. He whirled down through space, straight as an arrow amid a thunder of applause. The score board read, "64 meters, 211 feet." M. G. '31.

"MY PAL."

It's great to have in this world today
A pal that you know is true
A pal that will back you up in play
A pal that's your friend clean through.

When you are alone and lonely
And all the world seems blue
It's then that the pal you know so well
Means most in the world to you.

When all your friends forsake you
And you are left alone
It's then that the pal you love so well
Welcomes you to his home.

So on through all life's phases
Your friends will come and go
But it's the pal that is your pal
That you will always know.

So here's to my good old pal
My pal that I know is true
And just because he is my pal
I'm telling the world and you.

R. J. B. '30.

MY ODE TO A TEACHER

Silently she sat
Reading her book
While on her face
Was a mournful look.

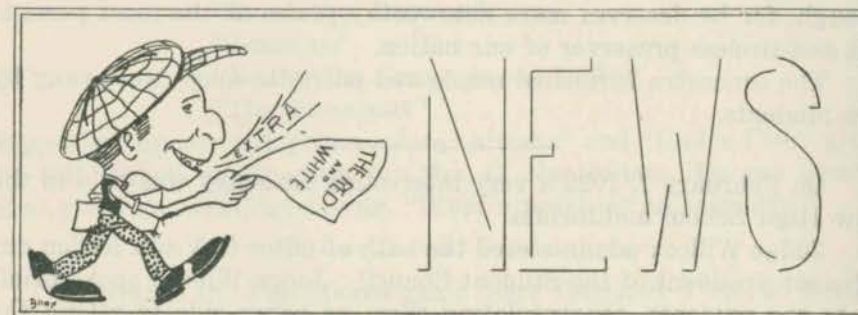
"What is the matter?"
I ventured to say
And the look that she gave me
Angry thoughts did portray.

"Why can't you be quiet
And not be so bad
Making noises in class
Just to make me mad?"

I answered her question
And said with a smile,
"Why not be kindly,
Let me talk to you a while?"

"I can't do that now
But the bell rings soon
Then come talk with me
In detention room."

M. J. '29.



The students of Rutland High School have never lacked school spirit, although they have for several years worked under the handicaps of crowded conditions and lack of equipment, which are now troubles of the past.

On the morning of February 4, after months of waiting, the girls and boys experienced a wonderful thrill by entering for the first day of regular work, the new High School building.

How pleasant and roomy the new hallways looked as the traffic officers under the new form of student government directed the pupils to their rooms!

How fresh and clean the new woodwork and paint smelled!

It is fine to have a school library, regular "gym" classes and showers which make one feel so "fit and trim", and real assemblies in the beautiful auditorium, which has a stage large enough for the full school orchestra.

Everyone is smiling and happy!

How proud Rutlanders will be next summer to show friends and tourists the imposing building and athletic grounds.

The students wish to express their thanks to the Building Committee, Mr. Fairchild, and all others who have had a part in giving them the use of this wonderful building and equipment; and should show their appreciation by taking the best care of it that is possible.

ASSEMBLY DEDICATED TO MEMORY OF LINCOLN.

Rev. Arnold Yantis spoke to the student body on Tuesday February 12. He told of the many lessons that could be derived from Lincoln's life and would be of benefit to the pupils as he was eminently worthy of being an ideal. Rev. Yantis narrated many interesting anecdotes that are not often heard but have a humorous trend. He seemed very much interested in his subject and said that although humanity paid homage to the memory of Lincoln, it was not half

enough, for he deserves more noteworthy praise as the most persistent and tireless preserver of our nation.

The orchestra furnished music and patriotic songs were sung by the students.

On February 7, 1929 a very interesting assembly was held in the new High School auditorium.

Judge Willcox administered the oath of office to Vesta Ridlon our efficient president of the Student Council. Judge Willcox spoke briefly to the students, congratulating them on being able to attend the new High School.

Superintendent Fairchild, who was present at our first assembly told the student body that the cost of the school was \$300 a day and \$1.00 per minute. He also emphasized the improvements in conditions in the last few years.

Football letters were awarded to last year's football squad. Rutland won every game last season, except the game with Fair Haven.

The members who received R's are: Peter Alexander, Howard Beardsley, Charles Clifford, Francis Crowley, George Costello, Albert Holland, George Ianni, Fred Lanahan, Barrett Levins, William Matthews, Francis Perry, Tom Porter, Francis Ryan, Umberto Trinci, William Burke, Ira Earl, Walter Hakins, Lawson Smart, Francis Tree, Earl Phelps, Albert Rousseau and Charles Marks. Football numerals were awarded to members of the three under classes. The letters and numerals were awarded by Barrett Levins, President of the Athletic Association.

The George Washington assembly on February 21 was an exceptionally fine one. The students were again permitted to hear Mr. Bert L. Stafford speak this time about the "Father of Our Country." Mr. Stafford acquainted us with Washington, the Business Man Who was to most of us an unknown person but is now, thanks to Mr. Stafford, infinitely more human than before. It is nice to hear something about that great man which cannot be retraced to the "cherry tree" episode.

A musical assembly! What could be sweeter?

The theater orchestra and "Bill" Tarbell—that was the reason why the assembly of Feb. 27 was enjoyed perhaps more than any other such gathering this year.

With such a program as:

"All by Yourself in the Moonlight"

"Doin' the Raccoon"

"Jeannine"

"You're the Cream in my Coffee"

"The Showboat"

topped off by two xylophone solos, "Alfresco" and "Under Fire" given by Bill Tarbell, accompanied by Mrs. G. VanHolten. Do you wonder that everyone went out saying, "What a peach of an assembly."

Interest in the Fair Haven game there February 5 was so marked that two busses crammed with Rutland supporters accompanied the players' bus to the Slate town. In addition to these, several students (luckier than the others) made the trip in private cars. Everyone enjoyed themselves going, but the return was not so joyous. We wonder why!

THE SENIOR PLAY.

The Senior play, "Charlie's Aunt", was produced at the Playhouse, Friday, February 22, 1929, under the direction of Miss Nellie Newton.

Tom Pater as Charlie's Aunt from Brazil, "where the nuts come from," kept the house in a continual uproar.

Allen Adams as Jack Chesney and Francis Cioffi as Charlie Wykhem, two Oxford students in love with two charming girls, Kitty Verdun (Virginia Kent) and Amy Spettigue (Ruth Berry) played their roles exceptionally well.

Brasset (George Squier) as the typical English servant, with his drawl and good nature, pleased the audience.

William Burke as Stephen Spettigue, guardian of the two girls and an "old tyrant", did his part well. His pursuit of Donna Lucia was a humorous incident.

Clarice Mintzer was charming as the real Donna Lucia De Alvadorez.

Elizabeth Landon as Ella Delahay, the real Donna's adopted daughter, was pleasing in her sweet simplicity.

The part of Sir Francis Chesney, the old soldier, was well portrayed by Monroe Waite.

Much credit is due to the entire cast and to Miss Newton, who made this event a howling success.

The committee in charge was composed of the following students: Robert Carpenter, chairman, Irvin Beinhower, Barbara But-

terfield, Helen Franzoni, Margaret Huffert, Vesta Ridlon and Harvey Sanders.

We must not forget to give honorable mention to the theater orchestra which furnished music, under the direction of Mr. Phillips.

The honor roll for the third marking period is as follows:

SENIORS

Ruth Berry (3)
Barbara Butterfield (3)
Harold Davis (3)
Virginia Kent (3)
Vesta Ridlon (3)
Inez Hinckley

JUNIORS

William Brislin (3)
Helen Congdon (3)
Elizabeth Corcoran (3)
Margery Plue (3)
Hope Yarrington
Edward Marceau
Bella Perry

SOPHOMORES

Gertrude Block (3)
Gladys Hall (3)
Ralph Seeley (3)
Ralph Sussman (3)
George Bunsell
Frederick Beauchamp

FRESHMEN

Blanche Kazon (3)
Roberta Puckridge (3)
Gladys Trombley (3)
Phylliss King
Robert Lawrence
Thelma McDonald
Mildred Sabin
Charles Tuttle

HONOR ROLL—FOURTH MARKING PERIOD

1928-29

SENIORS

Irvin Beinhower
Ruth Berry (4)
Barbara Butterfield (4)
Harold Davis (4)
Vesta Ridlon (4)
Violet Spalding (3)

JUNIORS

Helen Congdon (4)
Elizabeth Corcoran (4)
Margaret Huffmire
Margery Plue (4)
Ruth Scofield

SOPHOMORES

Gertrude Block (4)
John Carbine
Ralph Seeley (4)
Ralph Sussman (4)

FRESHMEN

Esther Grey
Blanche Kazon (4)
Robert Lawrence (2)
Thelma McDonald (2)
Roberta Puckridge (4)
Mildred Sabin (2)
Gladys Trombley (4)
Charles Tuttle (2)

REQUIREMENTS

A in three prepared subjects or their equivalent. No prepared subject lower than a B-.

Figures in parenthesis indicate the number of times the pupil has been on the Honor Roll this year.

With the opening of the New High School the Student Government Organization began to operate. The Student Council is made up of the Home Rooms and has for its officers the following: Vesta Ridlon, President; William Brislin, Vice President; Ethel Brims, Secretary. The meetings are held every other week. In connection with this is the Monitor squad, otherwise known as traffic cops. Their business is just what their name implies, the directing of school traffic. The monitors are: Allen Adams, D. Austin, F. Baldwin, L. Baldwin, R. Berry, E. Brims, W. Brislin, R. Bucklin, B. Butterfield, R. Carpenter, V. Chamberland, F. Cioffi, J. Cioffi, M. DeRose, V. Gage, W. Goodrich, M. Hodsdon, E. Holland, G. Ianni, I. Kirk, C. Mintzer, E. Landon, B. Levins, E. Marceau, W. Matthews, F. Perfetti, B. Berry, F. Berry, R. Pinchin, T. Porter, V. Ridlon, L. Russell, H. Saunders, V. Spaulding, W. Tarbell, U. Trinci, E. Vargas, M. Waite, and B. Chapman, B. Gould, L. Joli, S. Riberdy, C. John Smith and B. Ward as substitutes. There are committees which have charge of school affairs and they are: Lost and Found Bureau, Edward Marceau as chairman, and Ruth Bucklin and Blanche Kazon are members.

The following are the committees for Commencement week activities:—

BACCALAUREATE: Elizabeth Landon, Chairman; Martina Conway, Helen Franzoni, Lawson Smart and Maynard Welch.

CLASS NIGHT: William Matthews, Chairman; Ruth Berry, George Ianni, Raymond Jerome and Marie Joli.

CLASS FLOWER: Virginia Kent, Chairman; Warren Goodrich, Isabel Kirk, Thomas McMahon and Clarice Mintzer.

CLASS GIFT: William Tarbell, Chairman; Dorothy Raynes, William Burke, Ruth Kelley and Monroe Waite.

INVITATION: Vesta Ridlon, Chairman; Barbara Butterfield, John Davidson, Margaret Huffert and Louis Nicklaw.

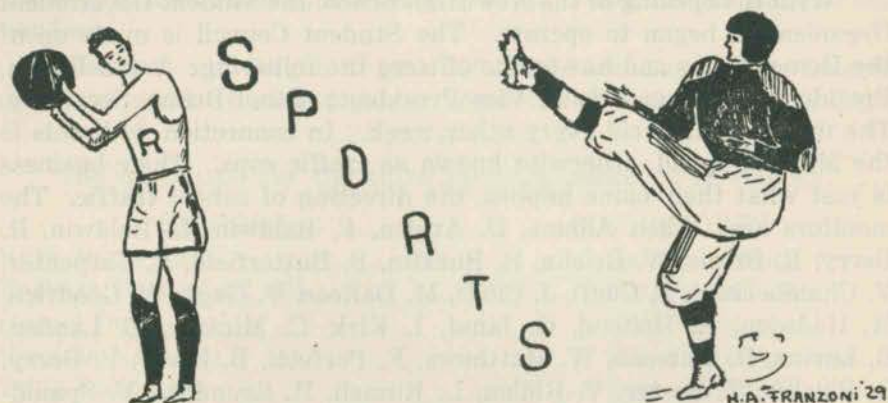
MOTTO: Walter Hakins, Chairman; Allen Adams, Harold Davis, Esther Holland and Florence Perfetti.

PICNIC: Francis Crowley, Chairman; Ruth Burke and Umberto Trinci.

RECEPTION: John Keefe, Chairman; Francis Forcier, Janet Goddard, Harold Sanders and Violet Spaulding.

THE CLASS OF 1929—HONORS

The ten people holding highest honors of the class are: Barbara Butterfield, Valedictorian; Ruth Berry, Salutatorian; Irvin Beinhower, William Burke, Harold Davis, Warren Goodrich, Inez Hinckley, Evelyn Johnson, Virginia Kent and Vesta Ridlon.



WINTER Vs. SPORTS.

Rutland High School has experienced a successful winter in outdoor and indoor activities. In every sport more enthusiasm than ever was shown by the students. Plans are being made for more elaborate programs in future years.

The hockey team passed the season without a defeat. The winter sports team under Captain Burke which competed in the Bellows Falls meet, did creditable work considering the handicapped situation under which they prepared for the carnival. In indoor sports the girls and boys basketball teams made a record of which Rutland can ever be proud. Francis Crowley and Asel Dwyer played games as forwards that equal that of any team in the State. On the girls' teams the unfailing eye of Marjorie Juleff, Dorothy Davies, Esther Holland, together with the passing of Janet Goddard and Florence Perfetti, rank with the best.

In the gym plenty of exercise was received by everyone which should better prepare the boys and girls for major sports.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

The Rutland girls' basketball team closed its season with a victory over Chester High Girls' team.

Out of the eight contests played, we won five games, although this year's schedule was the hardest that the Rutland girls ever followed.

The games lost were: two to the splendid Burlington girls' team, and one to Chester at Chester. In 1928 both Burlington and Chester were defeated.

The victories were over West Rutland twice, and one each for Bennington, Chester and Middlebury.

Four members of the team will be lost by graduation. Capt. Florence Perfetti, Manager Dot Davies, Esther Holland and Janet Goddard have all played for the last three years on the "Varsity Team." Their loyalty to the school, their steady clean playing and their co-operation with the rest of the squad have helped make the Rutland team an outstanding one during the three years of organized girls athletics under Coach Louise Willis. These girls will be missed by the entire school, as well as by their coach and fellow members on the squad.

SUMMARY OF 1929 SCHEDULE—GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

Rutland	18	West Rutland	11
Rutland	3	Burlington	30
Rutland	19	Bennington	10
Rutland	23	Chester	30
Rutland	21	Burlington	39
Rutland	33	Middlebury	14
Rutland	28	West Rutland	17
Rutland	26	Chester	14

GIRLS' ALL OPPONENT TEAM.

From the members of the teams the Rutland Girls met this season, Captain Perfetti, with the other members of the squad picked an "All Opponent Team."

The girls on this team were chosen by virtue of their showing in games with Rutland.

The selections were as follows:

Morgan, r. f.,	Burlington
Leahy, l. f.	Chester
Griffin, c.	Bennington
Tower, r. g.	Burlington
Colpas, l. g.	Burlington
Rosen, s. c.	West Rutland

HOCKEY.

Rutland, 5; Fair Haven, 1.

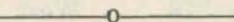
Under the direction of Coach McKenzie at the Rotary Rink an aggressive hockey team was developed for Rutland High.

In the first game of the season our boys succeeded in defeating a fast Fair Haven team after a hard fought battle. Scoring three goals in the first period, our boys played a defensive game which held Fair

Haven to a lone tally. Costello, playing his usual fast game, was all over the ice. Rabidou and Howard also played an offensive game, outskating the Slate-Towners with ease.

The line-up:—

RUTLAND	FAIR HAVEN
Maranville, c.	c., Hinsman
Martin, g.	g., Laramie
Pond, Smith, r. w.	r. w., Lyons
Howard, l. w.	l. w., Colville
Costello, r. d.	r. d., Foley
Rabidou, Matthews, l. d.	l. d., Williams



BASKETBALL.

Rutland, 34; West Rutland, 4.

Handicapped by short practice, playing an entirely new brand of basketball, our boys succeeded in whipping an experienced and well trained Westside team, after a hard fought battle in the first game of the season.

Behind at the outset, 4 to 1, Rutland tightened up her five man defense and played such a stiff game that the Westsiders were unable to approach the basket after the first few minutes of play. The entire game showed the need of more teamwork on the part of the Rutland team. The entire first squad was used in the game.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Vargas, Bove; lf., Dwyer; Paul; c., Crowley, Porter; rg., Keefe, Levins; lg., Beardsley, Billado. West Rutland—rg., McCormick, Salengo; lg., Botkis, Gage; c., Rosen, Zow; rf., Gallagher; lf., Leonard, Pietrika.

Rutland, 14; Proctor, 9.

Playing slow but effective basketball our boys in the second game of the season defeated a snappy Proctor High team by score of 14-9.

Neither team was able to pile up a high score although many shots were taken by both sides, which showed the need of "eye training". The score stood 5-5 at the end of the first half.

Proctor pulled a snappy come-back in the first part of the second half but could not hold the lead. In the last few minutes of play Ase started scoring with a foul shot, Keefe immediately sunk a long one, followed by two more. As the gun shot our boys were leading, 14-9.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Billado, Paul, Vargas; lf., Bove, Dwyer; c., Beardsley; rg., Keefe; lg., Levins, Porter. Proctor—rg., Buggani; lg., Flannagan; c., Wener; rf., Lertola; lf., Chey.

Rutland, 15; Burlington, 18.

Playing at the start the slow breaking offense Rutland was forced to change its style of playing basketball, to a man for man game. Due to this change our boys became slightly confused which allowed Burlington to uphold its jinx on the Red and White basketball team.

The game opened with Burlington taking the lead and using every minute to strengthen its score. Burlington's success was due to her style of tip-off which Rutland was unable to solve. Crowley scored most points for Rutland while Chase was the outstanding Burlington player.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Vargas, Dwyer; lf., Paul; c., Beardsley; rg., Keefe; lg., Levins. Burlington—rg., Marchaco, Morgan; lg., Rivers; c., Morrison; rf., Chase; lf., Gorman.

Rutland, 12; Bellows Falls, 23.

"We faw down", in the last quarter, Bellows Falls pile up score, tells the game in simple language. Capt. Keefe's team, playing the slow breaking defense game, played even through the third quarter.

In the first period Fish began scoring long shots, which quickly gave his team a lead that Rutland could not overcome.

It appeared that the slow game was such a strain on our boys that they cracked in the final minutes, allowing Fish and Foster to raise the high score.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley, Vargas; lf., Dwyer, Paul, Bove; c., Beardsley; rg., Keefe; lg., Levins, Billado. Bellows Falls—rg., Johnson; lg., Fish; c., Foster; rf., Lewkton; lf., Griffin.

Rutland, 23; Brattleboro, 21.

Again playing the slow breaking offense Rutland barely defeated Brattleboro at Brattleboro in an overtime period by score of 23-21.

At the outset of the game Dwyer and Crowley by smooth passing raised the score 8-7 where it remained to the end of the first quarter. Both teams tightened in the second period with our boys having the best of the breaks, leading at the half, 13-10.

Refreshed from the brief rest the Red and White boys made a spectacular rally piling up a short lead. The last quarter saw both teams giving all they had. Capt. Keefe in the final seconds of the overtime period tied the score, while Crowley again came to our rescue with the basket which won the game as the gun sounded.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley, Billado; lf., Dwyer, Vargas; c., Beardsley; rg., Keefe, Levins; lg., Levins, Billado. Brattleboro—rg., Dube; lg., Baker; c., Ferriter; rf., Bagree; lf., Wyman.

Rutland, 13; Bennington, 12.

With a thrill that will be remembered by every fan present Capt.

Keefe led his Red and White squad onto the floor of the new Gym to play the first game Rutland ever played on a floor all its own. This spectacle was the only thrilling feature of the evening, for when the game opened the slow breaking offense was played.

The game started with a flash but immediately stopped dead as Rutland secured the ball and began a game of toss and catch until a Bennington player should fall asleep and allow our boys to make a perfect shot for the basket. After the fans had worked themselves into a fit calling for action Beardsley broke through for a basket. A few more were secured by Rutland in the latter part of the game. The perfect five man defense developed last year proved too strong for Bennington to penetrate, holding the visitors to four baskets. Numerous foul shots resulted in Rutland winning, 13-12.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley; lf., Dwyer; c., Beardsley; rg., Keefe; lg., Billado, Levins. Bennington—rg., Fonda; lg., Pello; c., Tiff; rf., J. Pello; lf., Osterle.

Rutland, 21; Burr & Burton, 15.

Changing from the Western game of slow breaking offensive to the native fast man for man play our boys secured a hard fought battle from the Manchester Seminary five.

Scattered shots by Vargas and Crowley in the first half gave Rutland a fair lead but in no part of the game was danger out of the way. The clean guarding by Levins was responsible for the holding of the Seminary to such a small score, as the Manchester boys held the ball most of the game.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley; lf., Dwyer, Vargas; c., Beardsley; rg., Keefe; lg., Levins. Burr & Burton—rg., Griffith; lg., Nichols; c., Hitchcock; rf., Stone; lf., Phelps.

Rutland, 9; Fair Haven, 13.

Fair Haven came over, and again took back our scalps. With 700 fans filling the gym coach Dragetti's blue and white warriors outplayed our boys from the first whistle to the final gun.

With both teams playing a five man defense the game appeared slow, until the final quarter. With the score standing 13-4, Rutland began a final rally, Beardsley sifted through the defense for a basket, Vargas followed with a long shot, Levins was fouled with one minute to play and made his point. Fair Haven held as the game ended Rutland 9, Blue and White 13.

Line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley, lf., Vargas, Dwyer, c., Beardsley, rg., Keefe, lg., Levins, Billado. Fair Haven—rg., Hyland, lg., Foley, c., Mulholland, rf., McFarren, lf., Durick.

Rutland, 37; Brandon, 13.

Before one of the biggest crowds ever in the Armory our boys gave Brandon a drubbing they won't forget for a while. Perfect passing was shown, together with a solid defense by Rutland.

The game started, and dragged on, with neither team showing any signs of exerting themselves. Rutland took the lead and held it through the first half which ended 12-7. The second half looked somewhat like a basketball game with Brandon making a desperate attempt to catch up with the score. Crowley by some impressive passing feats put the game on ice in the third quarter. A perfect defense held Brandon to three earned baskets.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley, Paul; lf., Dooley, Vargas, Dwyer; c., Beardsley; rg., Keefe; lg., Levins, Billado. Brandon—rg., Needham; lg., Blackmer; c., Holmes; rf., Miner; lf., Collins.

Rutland, 17; Fair Haven, 30.

Playing basketball as well as they did football, and in somewhat of the same style, Coach Dragetti's team succeeded in placing another defeat on the Rutland team in a hard fought game.

Playing without the assistance of Coach Purdy our boys under Gym Instructor Hayden put up a stiff fight. The game started with Dwyer scoring by a foul shot, followed by Levins with a basket while Fair Haven secured two baskets. In the first minutes of the second period Capt. Keefe sank two baskets after which the Blue and White boys did all the scoring for the remainder of the half.

Rutland started the second half with a brief rally which brought the score 18-13. Near the end of this period McFarren scored another basket, ending the period, 20-13. Dwyer sinking three foul shots. Fair Haven also spurted securing five baskets in a row which resulted in the final score of 30-17 with Rutland on the small end.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley; lf., Dwyer, Paul; c., Beardsley; rg., Keefe; lg., Levins, Billado. Fair Haven—rg., Foley; lg., Hyman; c., Mulholland; rf., McFarren; lf., Durick.

Rutland, 42; Manchester, 3.

Playing a brand of basketball that they knew how to play our boys piled up the highest score of the season against Burr & Burton with ease. Passing was exhibited throughout the game, no man trying to star.

Beginning with the first whistle baskets began to flow through the hoop as fast as Dwyer and Crowley could get their hands on the ball. Manchester secured the ball a few times but could not advance past Porter playing guard, until the last few minutes when one basket was bunk by Orvis.

Captain Keefe was unable to play due to injuries sustained in a previous game. Levins acted as captain. The work of Porter throughout the game proves that he was the man the team needed all season.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley, Dooley; lf., Dwyer, Paul; c., Beardsley, Crowley; rg., Billado, Porter; lg., Levins, Bove. Burr & Burton—rg., Thompson; lg., Griffith; c., Giddings, Hitchcock; rf., Heminway; lg., Nichols.

Rutland, 21; Burlington, 19.

The jinx is broken. Rutland has defeated Burlington High in basketball. Playing in the form that should have been theirs all season our boys fighting every minute smashed down a powerful Blue and White defense, bringing joy to Rutland fans, by winning 21-19.

The contest started with a bang. Rutland was out for revenge, Burlington was resolved to uphold its record. Both teams played their best, passing, shooting, dribbling, every second. Capt. Keefe was unable to start as a result of injuries received in a previous game, but as the contest grew faster, and deadlier, he shed his sweater, and rushed upon the floor amid the cheers of the entire crowd. His presence gave new life to his team, Dwyer scored a long shot which placed Rutland in the lead and won the game, Rutland 21, Burlington 19.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Dooley, Crowley; lf., Dwyer; c., Beardsley; rg., Porter, Keefe; lg., Levins, Billado. Burlington—rg., Rivers, Coan; lg., Marchacos; c., Zaetz; rf., Chase; lf., Gorman, McIntyre.

Rutland, 38; Middlebury, 7.

Playing a fighting game throughout Capt. Keefe's team of Red and White warriors succeeded in playing an overwhelming defeat on a fast Middlebury High team.

The game opened with the first team making a brilliant start for Rutland immediately piling up 8 points while holding the visitors scoreless. In the second period the second team was sent in. These boys proved as worthy as the first string men, running the score to 17-6 at the half.

Beardsley starred in the third period scoring ten points for the Red and White. During this period Capt. Keefe sustained an injury which necessitated his removal from the game. A passing combination during the last period resulted in raising the score 38-7.

The game seemed exceedingly rough to the fans but was merely the type of game the smaller schools play all season.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley, Dooley; lf., Dwyer, Paul; c., Beardsley, Porter; rg., Keefe, Billado; lg., Levins, Bove. Middle-

bury—rg., Flagg; lg., Noyes; c., Shackett; rf., Stone, Elridge; lf., Oney, Bemis.

Rutland, 14; Springfield, 17.

Springfield High, the outstanding team of the State in the South, secured a well earned victory over our Red and White team. Coach Watter's Green and White team upheld their much boasted reputation in the first half, but in the second half were in the same class as Rutland.

Securing a basket in the first minute to play the boys from the South held their lead the entire game but only after hard work. Emmet H. Racy, the good-looking guard of Springfield, played the best game of guard that any opponent had shown so far this season. Spectacular shots were features of the first half. Keefe and Dwyer sinking some pretty ones for our side, while Hopkins did neat work for the invaders.

In the final minutes to play Levins secured a point by foul, which was followed by a basket by Keefe and another by Dwyer tied the score. The game looked like a tie, when Hopkins, hanging basket, found the ball in his hands and dropped in through the net for the winning points.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley, Billado; lf., Dwyer; c., Beardsley; rg., Keefe; lg., Levins, Porter. Springfield—rg., Durviuch; lg., Racy; c., Corliss; rf., Lovell; lf., Hopkins.

Rutland, 23; Bennington, 21.

Playing on their own floor Bennington lost to Rutland by two points. All dope was upset in this game, the Red and White boys playing their best offense this year.

The first quarter saw the whirl-wind passing game of the Red and White beginning to function, with the result of a 12 to 2 lead when the period ended.

The second quarter saw a hard fight, Bennington, entirely bewildered by the change of Rutland's style in the first half, came back strong, Tift and Osterlee breaking through for scattered baskets.

The second half was entirely a defense game, nevertheless, Levins broke through twice for baskets in the first minutes.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley; lf., Dwyer; c., Beardsley; rg., Keefe; lg., Levins, Billado. Bennington—rg., Fonda; lg., Pello; c., Tift; rf., J. Pello; lf., Osterlee.

Rutland, 20; West Rutland, 16.

Before a crowd estimated at nearly 224 our boys won their 11th game of the season from West Rutland. The game was played in the Westside Town Hall which gave Rutland a great disadvantage as the Red and White boys were trained to play on a basketball court.

A passing game (instead of man for man) was played throughout by Rutland as the schedule for the year was not yet completed and Coach Purdy did not wish to run the risk of losing any of his boys through permanent injuries. Crowley, Levins and Porter played a good game for our side. Rosen and Leonard were responsible for most of the Westsiders' work.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley; lf., Dwyer; c., Beardsley; rg., Keefe, Bove; lg., Levins, Porter. West Rutland—rg., McCormick; lg., Zowz, Botkis; c., Rosen; rf., Gallagher; lf., Leonard.

Rutland, 18; Bellows Falls, 14.

Revenge is sweet, so found the Rutland Varsity when our boys defeated the strong Bellows Falls team in the fastest game yet played on the new gym floor.

Behind at the half our Red and White warriors came back determined to win. They fought as never before, shooting and making shots from all angles.

Throughout the game Fish, the outstanding star in Vermont, would start down the floor only to be stopped by Capt. Keefe. Foster, another individual star, scored a good share of the "Falls" baskets. Rutland played the whole game as a perfect machine with no outstanding players.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Crowley, Billado; lf., Dwyer; c., Beardsley, Porter; rg., Keefe; lg., Levins, Porter. Bellows Falls—rg., Johnson; lg., Fish, Ricardi; c., Foster; rf., Buckley; lf., Griffin.

Rutland, 24; Barton, 23.

In an exhibition game preliminary to the Rotary Tournament Finals Rutland gave the fans a thrill by staying behind in the score until the final minutes, coming from behind and defeating the "Yellow Peril" of Barton Academy.

The entire Red and White reserve team started the game, playing even with the "Peril" the first quarter. Then the mighty Varsity Five took the floor and started a fast game. For a few minutes Barton wondered what had happened for the Bartonians scored basket after basket without visible resistance. Baskets were still being scored when the half ended, Barton 16, Rutland 6.

The third period was about the same as the first two. In the final quarter Capt. Keefe started to loop in long shots, the rest of the team picking up his idea followed with more baskets until Rutland was playing on an even score. In the final minute Crowley tapped in a basket on a jump ball. Porter and Keefe each sank long shots placing the game on ice as the gun shot.

The line-up: Rutland—rf., Dooley, Crowley; lf., Paul, Dwyer;

c., Porter, Beardsley; rg., Billado, Keefe; lg., Bove, Porter. Barton Academy—rg., C. Lewis; g., G. Lewis; c., Marshall; rf., Nallen; lf., Boynton.

ALL OPPONENT TEAMS

Captain Keefe with the members of his Varsity Five have selected a first and second team from the players they have met in games this season.

These two teams are composed of the men our boys thought played the best in games with Rutland. The records they may have established in games with other teams was not given consideration as that would involve picking an "All State Team."

The line-up of the two teams is as follows:

FIRST TEAM

McFarren, rf. Fair Haven
Chase, Capt., lf. Burlington
Ferriter, c. Brattleboro
Fish, rg. Bellows Falls
Marchaco, lg. Burlington

SECOND TEAM

Gallighar, rf. West Rutland
J. Pello, lf. Bennington
Tifft, Capt., c. Bennington
Foley, rg. Fair Haven
Racy, lg. Springfield

BASEBALL

While the big leagues are training in the South our boys are waiting for a chance to start baseball practice.

An exceptionally fine team is expected with a number of veterans appearing in their old places and plenty of new aspirants of great ambition longing to fill vacated places.

George Ianni as Captain will play second, Charlie Clifford will be in the pitchers' box, Costello the home-run king of Vermont high schools will play at third, Levins, Porter, Dooley, Rounds and Beardsley will doubtless fill their usual places.

TRACK.

As spring approaches the call for track practice will be sent out. After the splendid showing made in the meets last year and especially

that of Fran Crowley, who broke State records, in distance runs, another State Championship team is expected.

Plenty of material is at hand, and with the help of experienced boys, Captain Crowley expects to start practice as soon as weather permits.

Manager Carpenter expects to enter Rutland in five meets. If the team proves exceptionally competent a trip to Malden, Mass. is planned.

ROOM 214 WINS INTER-CLASS MEET.

In a sleet storm which covered the snow with an icy crust the first outdoor meet was held on the New School Grounds.

Room 214 won first place with 26 points. Room 103 was second with 22 points all of which were scored by Edson, a newcomer at Rutland High.



Many of our alumni at Middlebury College have been pledged to fraternities: Belle Ingalls, Ella Congdon and Ada Haley to the Alpha Xi Delta fraternity; Marion Willcox to the Kappa Kappa Gamma, and Edward Pike to the Kappa Delta Rho.

Carl Howard, also at Middlebury, has recently been initiated to the Kappa Phi Kappa, a professional teachers' fraternity.

Aldo Francheschi '26, is a student at the University of Vermont.

Alberic Bellerose '26, is studying at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire.

Ruth Bourquin '26, is at Fredonia Art School, Fredonia, N. Y.

Anthony Manfreda '26 and William Lawson '26 are studying at Holy Cross College.

Stetson Edmunds and William Dugan are studying at the University of Pennsylvania.

George Millard is at Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.

Lawrence Weinle and Irene Socia, both graduates of R. H. S., were married in the fall. Their home is in Rutland.

Thomas Hanson '26, Kenneth Pearsons '28 and Carl Chapman '28 have recently entered Chicago Technical College.

Mrs. Edith Ross Eisler, a graduate of R. H. S. in the class of 1896, died recently. Mrs. Eisler sang soprano roles with the Metropolitan Opera Company from 1903 to 1908.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Harris Jr., of Springfield, Mass. Mrs. Harris is a graduate of R. H. S. in the class of '21.

Jesse Davis '27, is employed at Ross Huntress Company.

Helen Jasmin '28 was married November 27 to Lynn Herbert of Wallingford. They are now living in Wallingford.

Ernest Reed is a student at Dartmouth College.

Grace Gill and Doris Richards are at Simmons College.

Robert Tracy of Rutland has been chosen to serve on the Class Day Committee for Senior week at the University of Vermont. Senior

week is the week between final exams and Commencement Day which is given over to the various Senior activities, such as the Senior Prom, Class Day, etc.

N. K. Chaffee of Rutland has been made a section leader of the R. O. T. C. at the University of Vermont. Chaffee is a member of the class of 1930.

Harold Adams of Rutland has been elected secretary of Gold Key, the Sophomore honorary society of the University of Vermont.

H. W. Adams, Rutland, plays the drums in the R. O. T. C. Band at the University of Vermont. Mr. Adams is of the class of 1931.

Robert E. Allen of Rutland Vt. is among eight students of the University of Pennsylvania whose election to the board of the Pennsylvania Triangle, the undergraduate periodical of the engineering and architectural students of the University, has just been announced. Allen was selected as a member of the editorial board of the publication.

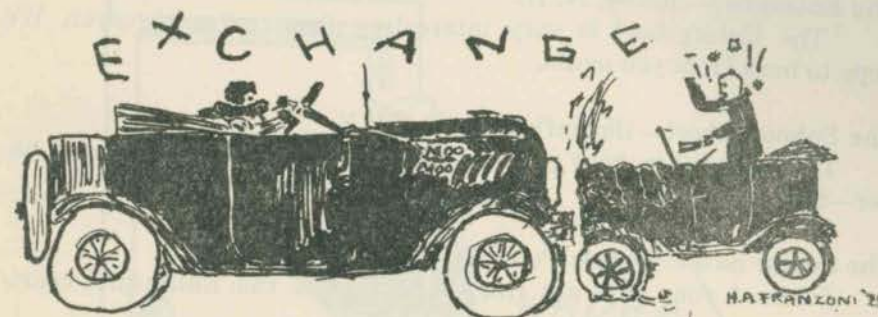
Allen is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Allen, 42 South Main St., and is a student in the University's School of Fine Arts where he is taking the architectural course. He is a member of Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity.

Prior to entering the University of Pennsylvania, Allen attended the Rutland High School where he was a member of the Varsity basketball, track, and debate teams, the Tres Decem Honor Society, and the board of the school paper.

The Pennsylvania Triangle, to whose board Allen has just been elected, is one of the foremost undergraduate periodicals of its kind and several times has received awards for being the best college engineering periodical.

Doris Eitapence '25, was married at Dorchester, Mass., to Erving L. MacDonald of Springfield, Mass. The marriage was performed by the bride's uncle, Rev. H. W. Hewitt of Dorchester, formerly pastor of Rutland Advent Christian church. The bride is a graduate of Lassell and Tufts College. The groom was graduated from Springfield Technical High School. The newly married couple are living in Boston, where Mr. MacDonald has a position as auditor with the Ritz-Carlton hotel.

Edward Cooper '26, is a student at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky.



OUR COMMENTS.

N. H. S. Oracle—Newport, Vt.

Your paper is very good, but would be improved if you gave your opinion of your exchanges in your Exchange Department.

The Phoenix—Montpelier, Vt.

This paper is very entertaining and special praise should be given to the Literary Department.

Boston University News—Boston, Mass.

A very interesting weekly which we enjoy immensely. Come again.

The Vermont Cynic—Burlington, Vt.

The news of your paper is well written and very well arranged. Let us hear from you often.

The Sentinel—New Haven, Conn.

The purpose of your paper is certainly worthy and we are sure it will accomplish its aim.

The Reporter—Bradford, Vt.

You have some good material in the "The Reporter" and your "Rogues' Gallery" is a very clever idea.

The Clarion—Essex Junction, Vt.

Your paper is well done but more material would improve your "Social Department" we think.

The Enterprise—Keene, N. H.

"The Enterprise" is very interesting from cover to cover. We hope to hear from you again.

The Salmon Sheet—Bloomfield Point, N. Y.

The material in your paper is well arranged—this is a clever paper—call again.

The Senior Sass—Rouses Point, N. Y.

Some of your cuts are fine, but where is the Editorial Department?

The Slate—Fair Haven, Vt.

Your paper is very interesting but your Athletic Department is very brief.

The Spitfire—McIndoes, Vt.

This is an interesting paper. A table of contents would add to it greatly.

The Purple Pennant—Cortland, N. Y.

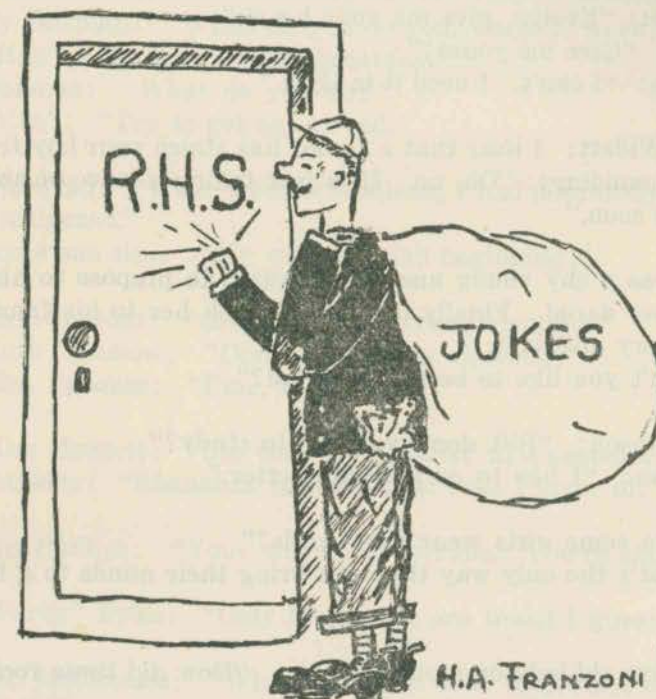
Your paper is certainly praiseworthy. It is very clever and snappy. We hope to hear more from you.

The Fulgor—White River Junction, Vt.

The contents of your paper is exceptionally interesting. Your cover design is very neat and clever.

The Register—Burlington, Vt.

A very worth-while paper; your jokes are clever and new.



Ham: "Has your brother been home from college lately?"

Keefe: "Yes, my bank won't rattle any more."

Junior: "Ought one to be punished for something he did not do?"

Teacher: "Most assuredly not."

Junior: "Well I did not do my homework."

Chaffee: "You'd think this car was second hand, wouldn't you?"

Squier: "No. It looks as if you made it yourself."

WILL FIND PLENTY TO DO

Mr. Ireland: "I see it is predicted disease will be abolished in the next fifty years. What would doctors do then for a living?"

Mr. Turck: "Oh, they'll still be kept busy putting pedestrians together again."

Father: "Barbara, it seems to me that young man should be more conscientious."

Barbara Butterfield: "Conscientious! Why, he just sits and worries himself sick because he doesn't go home and study."

Romaine: "Evelyn, give me your heart."

Evelyn: "Give me yours?"

Romaine: "I can't. I need it in Gym."

Eunice Willett: I hear that a Junior has stolen your boy friend."

Violet Spaulding: "Oh, no. He's just taking a leave of absence. He'll be back soon."

There was a shy young man who wanted to propose to his lady love, but never dared. Finally one day he took her to his family lot in the cemetery and said:

"Wouldn't you like to be buried there?"

Mrs. Johnson: "Bill, don't you like to study?"

Matthews: "I like to do **nothing**, better."

"Why do some girls wear high heels?"

"Oh, that's the only way they can bring their minds to a higher level."

Inquisitive old lady on mountain trip: "How did those rocks get up there?"

Tired Guide: "The glaciers brought them."

I. O. Lady: "And where are the glaciers?"

T. Guide: "They've gone after more rocks."

Miss Howlett: "Where is Berlin."

W. Goodrich: "In New York writing a new song hit."

Mr. Purdy: "What is the meaning of 'false doctrine'?"

Levins: "It's when a doctor gives the wrong stuff to a patient."

Miss Billings: "Who were the three wise men?"

"Bud" Franzoni: "Stop, Look and Listen."

The school commissioner was testing the knowledge of the Junior Class. Slapping a half dollar on the desk, he said sharply:

"What is that?"

Instantly a voice from the back row piped up:

"Tails, sir."

Mr. Purdy: "My concern about the younger generation is not what they are coming to, but when."

Cy Oakman: "When do you do your hardest work?"

"Hen" Adams: "Before breakfast."

Oakman: "What do you do?"

"Hen": "Try to get out of bed."

Old Grad: "When I began business, I had absolutely nothing but my intelligence."

Some one else: "My what a small beginning!"

Mrs. Spooner: "Give me the dative of 'donum'."

Ruth Winslow: "Don't know, Mrs. Spooner."

Mrs. Spooner: "Fine, that's it."

Miss Howlett: "Use the word 'fascist' in a sentence."

Rabidou: "Shanahan is the fascist man I know of."

Mr. Phillips: "Your singing is terrible. You're simply screeching."

"Porky" Ryan: "Only hitting on one tonsil I guess."

Mr. MacKenzie: "What have you done to protect our forests?"

Dick Stevens: "I shot a woodpecker once."

Of course you have heard about the Scotchman who licked off his spectacles after eating his grapefruit.

Miss Hackett: "How would Shakespeare say 'Here comes a bowlegged man.'"

Bishop: Aha! What's this I see coming in parenthesis."

Eleanor Goodrich: "Oh, look, the players are covered with mud. How do you think they will get it off?"

Harold Baker: "What do you think the scrub team is for?"

TRUE TO FORM

Clarice Mintzer: "So Vesta's new boy friend's a Scotchman. How does he treat her?"

Ruth Berry: "Very reluctantly, I believe."

CALL THE COPS

Lanahan: "What do you think of this here Evolution?"

Costello: "It's a good idea—but can they enforce it?"

SIDESTEPPED

Keefe: "I asked you if you would loan me \$50, but you didn't answer."

Tree: "No, I thought it would be better for me to owe you an answer than for you to owe me the fifty."

WRONG INSTRUMENT

Miss Howlet: "Give me an historical example of inappropriate action."

Cassavaugh: "When Rome was burning, Nero played the fiddle when he should have been playing the hose."

THE LAZY LUMMAX

"In the summer the oyster has a long vacation," remarks Maynard Welch.

Porter: "Much longer than he deserves, brother, considering that he never gets out of his bed if he can help it."

A DECEITFUL ADJECTIVE

"You are working too hard," said the Doctor.

"I know it," sighed Sanders, "but it is the only way I can keep up the easy payments."

AND HOW

Ireland: "If oats are given a horse immediately after hard work or exercise, what happens?"

E. Hart: "He eats."

SUBTLE THIS

Noyes: "How did Boyle happen to lose his mind?"

Smart: "He tried to beat his train of thought to a crossing."

Son: "What is the board of education?"

Pa: "In my day it was a pine shingle."

Our idea of a monologue is a conversation between Tubby Mintzer and Irvin Beinhower.

A wise man never blows his knows.

Shrimp B.: "Have I powdered my nose enough to hide the dirt?"

Flash M.: "Yes, I think you've covered the ground."

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

TROY, NEW YORK

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Talkative Woman: "Only at times! How strange! And when do these moments of ability come to you?"

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 Who travels the bridge of his nose?
 Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth,
 The nails at the ends of his toes?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
 And if so, what did he do?
 How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
 I'll be hanged if I know, do you?

C. O'R. '31.

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Editors



VOL. 8

JUNE, 1929

No. 4

Printed four times a year by Students of Rutland High School.

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Entered at Post Office, Rutland, Vt., as second-class matter.

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	William Burke '29
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LESLIE O. JOHNSON
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THE RED AND WHITE STAFF.



Editorials

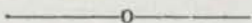


"FAREWELL"

As the time for our graduation draws near, we realize only too well that four years of happiness, joy, and companionship in our first Alma Mater will soon be written down in the annals of history and no more shall we tread the hallways of the school we loved so well. We also want to extend our thanks and gratitude to our teachers, Mr. Johnson, and last but certainly not least our parents who for four years have been patient, encouraging and showing unsurpassable cooperation in giving to us the education which otherwise we might not have had.

For four years we were like one large family, all willing to do his best for class and school, and now that the time has come when we must depart, some of us to go on to higher institutions of learning, while for others it is the last step in their education, we all realize that the first great stage of our life is past.

So now fellow students, parents, and faculty, with much regret we bid you goodbye. But no, let us not say goodbye, but merely adieu for we know we shall meet again, before the last chapter of our lives is closed.



TO THE STAFF

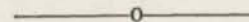
As editor of the Red & White, the writer has been invested with the honor of attempting to express to the members of his staff, the appreciation and admiration felt by all the students, faculty, and others having any connection with the school, for the commendable work that it has done in furthering the progress of this publication.

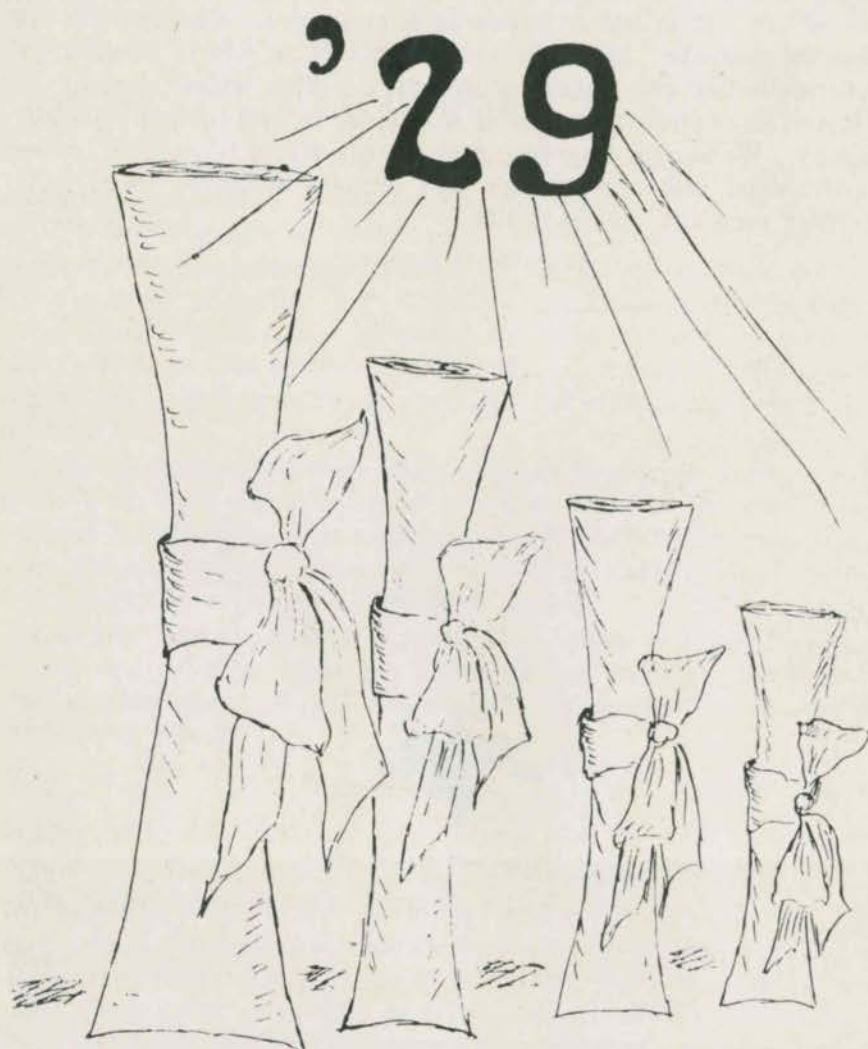
The editor also wishes to thank each member of the staff for his cooperation in any task that was undertaken; also Miss Hackett, faculty supervisor, for the invaluable advice rendered by her, regarding any problems that arose.

On behalf of the retiring staff the editor extends congratulations and best wishes to the incoming board.

CHARACTER BUILDING IN SCHOOL.

Our school life is but a small part of a more extensive function, it is a training as it were for the duties, responsibilities, and obligations of life. It is but a means to a great end. Conduct has its source in character, and hence right conduct in life is secured by the formation of fine character in youth. The chief element in character as related to conduct is the power of self-control and self-direction. We should therefore make every effort to acquire habits of self-control and self-direction and prepare ourselves to be self-governing men and women in life.





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ACTIVITIES

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ALLEN ADAMS

College Course

Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Theater Orchestra; Senior Play; Manager Tennis; Class Motto Committee; Monitor 4; Red and White Staff, 3, 4; Harvard Book Prize, 3.

One of our number to whom success is sure to come. R. H. S. is proud of him and sends him off with the best of wishes. Don't forget your first alma mater, Allen, when numbered among the "elect" of life.



HAROLD ALLEN

General Course

"Pickles" Chorus 4.

Always cheerful, consequently well liked. Harold will be at the top of the ladder.



IRVIN BEINHOWER

College Course

Senior Play Committee; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Treasurer 4.

"Irv" is a shy and retiring sort of person but he has his share of school spirit and is always with us. Here's to Irvin.



RUTH BERRY

College Course

Salutatorian; Red and White 1, 2, 3; Literary Editor 4; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus 3, 4; Class Secretary 3; Senior Reception Committee; Senior Play; Senior Monitor; Home Room Secretary.

A more popular girl cannot be found within this school or all around. Here's to our Ruth—her success is assured.



BEATRICE BLANCHARD

General Course

Home Room Basketball Team.

Quiet and unassuming, smiling and cheerful; Beatrice is numbered among our good friends.



ETHEL BRIMS

General Course

Senior Reception Committee; Class Secretary 4; Secretary of Student Council 4; Vice-President Home Room; Chorus 4; Monitor.

Very small, very sweet and a good sport. What more could one ask?



DONALD BUCK

College Course

Good old "Don" works hard to do his best. His genial personality and helping hand will be missed next year.



RUTH BURKE

General Course

Chorus 3, 4; Class Picnic Committee; Program Committee 4.

Ruth has been a great help in all our activities and a loyal student to R. H. S. The best of luck, Ruth.



WILLIAM BURKE

College Course

Honor Roll 1, 2, Class Color Committee; Class Gift Committee; Manager Football 4; Senior Play 4; Red and White 1, 2, 3; Editor-in-chief 4.

Bill has shown a good business acumen as Editor of the Red and White and Manager of the Football Team. We are sure his ability will serve him well in later life.



BARBARA BUTTERFIELD

College Course

Valedictorian; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; News Editor Red and White 4; Cheerleader 4; Senior Play Committee; Class Invitation Committee 4; "Pickles"; Senior Chorus; Senior Monitor.

"Barb" has been an active participant in many school sports; a peppy cheer-leader and how she did pull the "A's". A girl worthy of success, and we are sure she will obtain it.



GEORGE CAHEE

General Course

George is among the quiet group but nevertheless a very dependable fellow.



RICHARD CANDLISH

General Course

"Dick" is a hard fellow to get acquainted with—but what we know of him is tip-top. He has a peach of a car which we shall all miss.



ROBERT CARPENTER

College Course

Senior Reception Committee; Senior Play Committee; Red and White; Track Manager 4; Monitor; Senior Chorus.

A good pal and a loyal supporter of R. H. S. The best of luck to you in the future, Bob.



FRANK CIOFFI

General Course

Reception Committee 1; Senior Play; Senior Reception Committee; Chorus; President of Home Room 4; Monitor; Student Council.

Frankie has been a true friend to everyone during his four years at R. H. S. His agreeable disposition and good nature will be hard to duplicate.



RAYMOND CONANT

General Course

Chorus 3; "Carrie Comes To College."

A quiet and friendly fellow is Ray, but a loyal supporter of all school activities.



MARTIN CONSIDINE
General Course

Although retiring, Martin is one of the dependable ones who never lets Cupid interfere with duty.



MARTINA CONWAY
General Course

Senior Chorus 4; Baccalaureate Committee; Home Room Activities.

Tho' Martina is very quiet, R. H. S. will miss her pleasant personality.



ANNA CORCORAN
Commercial Course

Senior Chorus; Home Room Basketball.

Whatever she may choose to do, she will succeed as there is always a place in the world for those who deserve it.



FRANCES CORCORAN
Commercial Course

Home Room Basketball.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" is an adage in which Frances believes. If more people were as cheerful and good natured as she, the world would be better off.



GEORGE COSTELLO
General Course

Football 2, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Hockey 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Representative of A. A.; Tres Decem; Freshman Reception Committee; Senior Reception Committee.

George's popularity has been well deserved. R. H. S. will find a large gap never to be filled, when he graduates.



PAUL COURCELLE
General Course

Track 3, 4.

One of the best. We're proud to claim you as a member of the class of '29. Good luck to you.



FRANCIS CROWLEY
General Course

Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Chairman Class Picnic Committee; Captain Track; Cantata.

Tho' he isn't retiring and bashful we all like "Ham." He's there everytime—be it athletics or—well ask "Geraldine."



JOHN DAVIDSON
General Course

Honor Roll 1; Class Invitation Committee.

We prophesy an excellent future for John. When he is asked to do a thing, he does it—not "in a minute" or "to-morrow"—but right away.



DOROTHY DAVIES
General Course

Manager Girl's Basketball Team 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4.

We will all miss Dot. A dandy basketball player and a good sport.



HAROLD DAVIS
College Course

Honor Roll 3, 4; Class Motto Committee; Class Orator 4.

An excellent student, an earnest worker and sincere friend. He will reach the top.



MARY DEROSE
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General Course

We know your greatest ambitions will be realized.



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General Course

Chairman Class Color Committee; Class Treasurer 2; Football 4; Track 3, 4; Senior Chorus; Cheerleader 1, 2, 3.

The best cheerleader old R. H. S. ever had. Ira's pep and vim will be sorely missed when the bleachers are filled next year.



MARJORIE EITAPENCE
Commercial Course

R. H. S. will lose one of her best students and typists in Marjorie.



MYRTLE ELDER
Commercial Course

Senior Chorus 4; Home Room Activities 4.

Here's to your future, Myrtle. May your life be as happy as your disposition is.



DORIS ELMORE
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Senior Chorus 4; Spelling Contest 2.

One of the few who possesses that valuable quality of minding her own business.



GRACE FEWKES
Commercial Course

Senior Chorus; Spelling Contest 1; Home Room Activities.

May success follow you always and make you one of the "Little" big girls of the world.



PORTER FLANDERS
College Course

R. H. S. wishes you luck Porter, in whatever kind of work you tackle. We are confident of your success.



FRANCIS FORCIER
General Course

Chairman Junior Prom Committee, Senior Reception Committee; Red and White 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Manager Baseball 3; Manager Baseball 4.

May the compass of fate point to many accomplishments for you, Fran. We shall all miss you.



HELEN FRANZONI
General Course

"Carrie Comes to College"; Assistant Editor of Red and White; Baccalaureate Committee; Senior Chorus; Senior Play Committee.

Helen doesn't say much, she knows her work speaks for her. The "cuts" and drawings in this paper alone are a worthy tribute to Helen's artistic ability.



VERNON GAGE

General Course

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Monitor 4; Chorus 2.

We'll be honored if Vernon reserves an orchestra seat for us when he and Kreisler hold their joint recital. Not many pupils can complete a high school course in three years but here's one who did it. Three cheers for Vernon, we're proud of you!



JANET GODDARD

Commercial Course

Honor Roll 1; Chorus 1, 4; Senior Reception Committee; Basketball 2, 3, 4; School Debating Team.

What would our class be without "J's" sunny smile and easy good humor? The title "Good Fellow" fits her to perfection.



WARREN GOODRICH

College Course

Senior reporter Red and White; Enter-Kollegiate Basketball; Class Flower Committee; Orchestra 3, 4; Honor Roll 3; Monitor 4.

Whenever you hear noises reminiscent of the African jungle—don't be frightened. It's just Warren, you know, he's the school's official drummer.



VIRGINIA GRAGEN

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus; Home Room Activities 4.

Surely you didn't miss Room 102's Circus! Virginia's acrobatic work was one of the hits of the show.



WALTER HAKINS

College Course

Class Basketball 2; Assistant Manager Football 2; Red and White 3; Senior Reception Committee; Senior Chorus; Home Room Activities.

A good pal. R. H. S. is going to miss your "wise cracks" Walt.



KENNETH HANDLEY

General Course

Spelling Contest 1; Home Room Activities.

Who's that good-looking fellow in the blue uniform? Why, that's Kenneth Handley. We hope to see him running Roxy a close second one of these days.



EMILY HAYWARD

General Course

Home Room Basketball 4; Honor Roll 1; Senior Chorus.

Ask anyone about her. "Oh, Emily? She's one of the best sports in R. H. S."



INEZ HINCKLEY

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus; Honor Roll 1, 4.

She may be shy but she knows her stuff, and will certainly succeed in life.



ALBERT HOLLAND

General Course

Football 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; President Home Room 4; Chairman Freshman Reception Committee; Junior Prom Committee 3; Class Debating Team; Baseball 2; Class Treasurer 2.

We all like "Albie" and R. H. S. is losing one of its handsome members.



ESTHER HOLLAND

Commercial Course

Representative for A. A.; Vice-President 1, 2, 3, Girl's Basketball Team—Captain 2; Manager 3; Monitor; Senior Chorus.

A star athlete, a good sport and another great loss to R. H. S.



FRANK HUDSON
General Course

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 4.

You wouldn't think to look at him he could write poetry. They say looks are deceiving! Hi, "Bump."



MARGARET HUFFERT
General Course

Red and White 4; Visiting Committee 4; Senior Chorus; Senior Play Committee; Class Invitation Committee; Class Poet.

She has a determination which will bring her the utmost prosperity. Good luck Margaret!



GEORGE IANNI
General Course

Baseball 2, 3; Captain 4; Football 4; Athletic Association 4; Class Night Committee; Monitor 4.

How he can play football! George, you are another whose place will be hard to fill.



CELESTE ICOLARI

Chorus 4.

One who was always willing to help. The best of wishes, Celeste, in your life work.



RAYMOND JEROME
General Course

Orchestra (Theatre); Home Room Activities.

We all like Raymond, a most congenial fellow. Wish you luck.



EVELYN JOHNSON
General Course

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4.

It has been rumored that "Mademoiselle" Johnson is excellent in French. Is it true? Well rather. Best of all, she never refuses to help when one is "stuck" either. Keep it up, Evelyn and you'll surely reach the top of the ladder.



MARIE JOLI
General Course

"Come and trip it as ye go, On the light fantastic toe," exactly describes Marie who is one of the best dancers in the class. In fact, she's so good she teaches! Step right up, boys, and buy your tickets early!



JOHN KEEFFE
General Course

Chairman Senior Reception Committee; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1; Class Basketball 2, 3.

No need of explaining "Jack"—his list of activities does that for him. We're sure everyone saw his picture in the paper, one of the four leading athletes of the school. T'was a good picture too.



RUTH KELLEY
Commercial Course

Basketball 1; Class Gift Committee; Senior Chorus; Captain of Home Room Basketball Team; Honor Roll 1; Hiking Squad 1.

Anybody here seen "Kelley?" "Kelley" with the green necktie. I say, Ruthie, what's in a name, anyway?



VIRGINIA KENT
College Course

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus; "Pickles" 2; "Carrie Comes to College" 3; Senior Play; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Reception Committee; Chorus 2, 3; Spelling Contest 1; Chairman Class Flower Committee; Debating Team 1.

With her sunny smile and a social calendar that is always filled, "Gin" is one of our most popular girls.



JOHN KIMEN
College Course

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.

John is bashful! But in this case bashfulness is a virtue. Since there are very few girls who remember to blush and no boys at all, what a pleasant surprise to see Johnny's cheeks grow red.

ISABELLE KIRK
College Course



Chorus 2, 3, 4; "Pickles"; "Carrie Comes to College"; Spelling Contest; Red and White; Alumni Editor of Red and White; Monitor; Junior Prom Committee; Flower Committee.

"Issy" isn't leaving anything behind! She says she's coming back for a P. G. in the fall. We wonder why!

ELIZABETH LANDON
General Course



Red and White Exchange Editor 4; Monitor; Senior Play 4; Chorus 4; Field Hockey 4; "Carrie Comes to College"; Chairman Baccalaureate Committee.

If you saw "Liz" in "Charley's Aunt" she needs no introduction but if you missed it, you have my sympathy for she acted her part in a way we won't forget—Ask those who saw her!

BARRETT LEVINS
General Course



Honor Roll 1; Class President 1, 2, 3, 4; President of A. A. 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Red and White 2; Monitor 4; A. A. Council 3; Student Council 4.

"Teid" is an addition worth having, to any school. A wonderful fellow and by far the most popular member of his class. We won't ever forget you "Prexy."

HAROLD LONGLEY
General Course



Manager Home Room 4; Basketball Team 4; Track 3.

It is a rare privilege to have you numbered among our classmates. We wish you well, Harold.



VERA LOUCKS
General Course

Home Economics Exhibit.

Though one of the smallest, she's leaving a wide gap behind her.



CHARLES MARKS
College Course

Football 4.

Charlie is a very pleasant fellow. His supreme height seems to indicate the commanding position he will attain in life.



THOMAS McMAHON
General Course

Class Flower Committee 4.

Tom, with his every-ready smile and generosity has won a host of friends.



WILLIAM MATTHEWS
College Course

Football 2, 3, 4; Hockey 4; Tennis 4; Red and White 2, 3; Subscription Manager 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; "Pickles"; Chairman Class Night Committee 4; Freshman Reception 4; Senior Reception 3; National Athletic Scholarship Society; Monitor 4.

"Bill," the Red and White will suffer a severe loss without your managing ability. You have a great start—keep it up.



RAYMOND MESSER
General Course

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Football 2; Home Room Activities 4.

Quiet and unassuming, "Ray" is an earnest and diligent worker.



CLARICE MINTZER
College Course

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Class Flower Committee 4; Monitor 4.

With her cheerful smile and winning personality, Clarice has become one of the favorites in our class.



HENRY MOORE
General Course

Senior Chorus 4; Track 4; Home Room Activities.

If Henry does things in the future as well as he tapped bells, old R. H. S. will be proud of him.



ELIZABETH MORGAN
Commercial Course

Senior Chorus; Hiking 1, 2; Home Room Activities (circus).

The school's one and only tight rope walker. Remember the circus and how this petite miss made good. Do the same in the future, Elizabeth.



THELMA NICHOLS
General Course

Secretary of Home Room; Senior Chorus; Home Room Activities.

Although Thelma hasn't been with us the entire four years of our High School Course, she has proved herself a valuable addition to the class of '29.



LOUIS NICKLAW
General Course

Class Reception Committee; Baseball 4; Home Room Activities.

Another member who has been with us but a year. A good sport and liked by all.



FRANCIS O'CONNELL
General Course

He may be small and quiet but he has everything needed to make good. Let's go Francis.



MARGARET O'ROURKE
General Course

Debating Team 1; "Carrie Comes to College"; Spelling Contest 1; Senior Chorus 4; Elocution Recitation.

As happy as the day is long. May life always be like that to you, Margaret.



BERTHA PATNODE
General Course

Senior Chorus.

A quiet girl with a smile for the whole world. Here's to your success.



FLORENCE PERFETTI
Commercial Course

Honor Roll 1; Basketball 2, 3; Captain 4; Hockey 4; Class Motto Committee; Senior Chorus; Monitor 4.

What will the basketball squad do without "Flo"! Always around to give a helping hand, may happiness follow her through life.



RUTH PETTY
General Course

Shy and unassuming but a loyal supporter of R. H. S.



EARL PHELPS

General Course

Football 4; Track 4; Chorus; Home Room Activities.

Earl, quiet (?) appearances are often deceiving!



RUTH PINCHIN

General Course

Class Vice-President 1, 4; Red and White 1, 2, 4; Class Secretary 2; Junior Prom Committee 3; "Carrie Comes to College"; Monitor 4.

Our class beauty; "fair as a rose." Personality plus.



ANTHONY PISANELLI

General Course

Track.

"Tony" is the kind of fellow who takes his school spirit home with him, as evidenced by the gift of his father to the school.



RETA PITTS

General Course

North Clarendon may well be proud of Reta. We're glad she joined our ranks.



WALTER POQUETTE

General Course

Senior Chorus 4.

That "Walt" will always hold his end down was clearly shown in the Circus. Good luck, old Pal.



THOMAS PORTER

General Course

Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Chief of Monitors; Class Treasurer 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Reception Committee 3; Student Council 4.

"Tommy's" handsome face will be missed by all the underclassmen. With such a personality how can he do anything but succeed.



JOHN QUIRK

General Course

Chorus 4.

John is slow to anger but don't call him "sonny-boy."



PHILIP QUIRK

General Course

Chorus 4.

"Phil" is not ostentatious but does his part in a quiet, willing manner.



ANSON RANSOM

General Course

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3.

A fellow with an agreeable disposition, admirably fitted to scale the heights of prosperity.



DOROTHY RAYNES

Commercial Course

Honor Roll 1; Spelling Match 1; Chorus 4; Gift Committee 4; Home Room Activities.

Lively, energetic and always happy is Dot.



VESTA RIDLON

College Course

Senior Chorus 4; Red and White 4; Spelling Contest 1; President, Student Council; Honor Roll 1, 2; Chairman Class Invitation Committee; Senior Play Committee; Vice President A. A. 4; Monitor 4; Home Room, Vice President 4.

Popularity, pep and personality make Vesta one of the favorites of R. H. S.



MARIE ROUTIER

General Course

Senior Chorus; "Carrie Comes to College."

A cheerful disposition which ever radiates good nature.



HAROLD SANDERS

General Course

Honor Roll 1; Debating Team 1; Junior Prom 3; Senior Reception 3, 4; Red and White, Athletic Editor 4; Senior Chorus; Spelling Contest 1.

Gangway, here comes Harold! If you don't know him—you've never heard of R. H. S.



HARVEY SANDERS

General Course

Monitor 4; Senior Play Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4; Home Room Activities.

A classmate who is ever ready to lighten a task.



JOHN SHERMAN

General Course

Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Theatre Orchestra 4.

An easy going and reliable fellow is John.



LAWSON SMART

General Course

Track 3, 4; Football 4; Basketball Manager 4; Baccalaureate Committee.

What will R. H. S. do without "Law'sy's" unfailing good humor!



VIOLET SPAULDING

Commercial Course

Class Basketball 4; Hiking 1, 2; Hockey 3, 4; Honor Roll 4; Secretary Home Room 4; Secretary Monitors; Chorus; Senior Reception Committee.

A sweet girl with a cheery word for everyone. Good luck to our Secretary!



MILDRED SPICER

Commercial Course

Home Room Basketball 4; Hockey 4; Senior Chorus; Hiking 1; Home Room Activities.

Haven't you heard Mildred's giggle? With that as her passport we know she'll get by.



GEORGE SQUIER

General Course

Senior Play; "Carrie Comes to College"; Senior Chorus.

George's possibilities were fully realized when we saw him in the Senior Play. A loyal supporter of R. H. S.



ROBERT STAFFORD

Commercial Course

Robert may not be large, but nevertheless he was a true "booster" of the class of '29.



JOHN ST JOHN

General Course

School Oratorical Contest Winner; Southern Vermont Oratorical Champion; Tennis Team; Home Room Activities.

We haven't known you long, John, but R. H. S. is proud of her "prize speaker."



WILLIAM TARBELL

General Course

Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Theatre Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Monitor; Chairman Class Gift Committee 4; Treasurer of Home Room 4.

The best of wishes to you, Bill. We'll miss your musical treats and steady cooperation.



LAURA TOSI

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus 4; Home Room Basketball; Home Room Activities.

Who can forget Laura and her dry remarks. As the "cat" in the Senior "Circus" she was unexcelled.



FRANCIS TREE

General Course

Football 3, 4; Baseball 3; Track 2; Home Room Basketball 4; Musical Plays 1, 2, 3.

A universal favorite. A good pal, always happy and ready to lend a hand. We'll all miss "Tubby."



UMBERTO TRINCI

Commercial Course

Football 4; Track 4; Picnic Committee 4; Monitor 4.

Buck the line in life as you did on the Football field, Umberto, and success is yours.



EUNICE UPTON

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus 4; Home Room Activities.

You may know her by her raven curls. A girl well liked and true.



BERNARD VONNETTE

General Course

Here's a fellow who will always be remembered for his perpetual grin.



MONROE WAITE

General Course

Assistant Business Manager, Red and White 3; Senior Play; Advertising Manager, Red and White 4; Oratorical Contest 3, 4; Monitor; Home Room President 4; Senior Chorus 4; Class Gift Committee 4; Student Council 4.

A steady worker who has made a success of everything he has undertaken.



MAYNARD WELCH

General Course

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; "Carrie Comes to College"; Senior Chorus; Home Room Activities 3, 4.

Maynard's cheerful smile has helped to brighten the halls of R. H. S. He and his "fiddle" will leave a vacant place in the high school orchestra.



HOLLY WHAY

General Course

Senior Chorus 4.

Anyone who has been in any of Holly's classes knows what a wealth of humor he possesses.



EUNICE WILLETT

General Course

Senior Chorus 4.

A true supporter of all R. H. S. activities.



LUCY WILLIAMS

General Course

Senior Chorus; Home Room Activities.

Lucy does not believe in making a show—nevertheless there will be many who will miss her.



ELAINE WILLIS

General Course

Senior Chorus; Home Room Activities.

A true friend to the Class of '29 was Elaine. Good luck to you.



WILLIAM WOLINSKY

General Course

Track 3, 4; Baseball 3.

Bill and success are destined to go hand in hand through life.



FLORENCE WOOD

General Course

Senior Chorus 4; Visiting Committee; Home Room Activities.

A sweet disposition and an attractive manner are bound to make her friends wherever she goes.



MILDRED YOUNG

General Course

Oratorical Contest 4; Freshman Reception 3; Senior Chorus; Home Room Activities.

Sober, steadfast and intent, qualities that make for success.



EDWARD YOUNG

General Course

Much wisdom often goes with few words. We have found this true of Edward.



JOSEPH CANTONA

General Course

Home Room Treasurer; Class Secretary; Track, 4; Chorus.

Happy, always smiling and ever ready with a cheery word is Joe.



CHARLES DOOLEY

General Course

Class Basketball, 2, 3; Varsity Basketball, 4.

"Slick" was a good tramp in the Assembly radio program but we know he was only acting. His nickname describes his appearance.



ALFRED ROUSSEAU

General Course

Football, 4; Track, 4.

"Jeff" resembles a stick of dynamite, small but packing a mighty wallop.



RUTH BERRY

SALUTATORY

On behalf of the Senior Class of Rutland High School, I wish to welcome you to our graduation exercises, the culmination of the happy and fruitful years which you, our parents and friends, have made possible. Because of the sacrifices and hardships which we know many of you have endured for us, we are very glad that you can enjoy with us this event which is probably the happiest of our high school life.

PERSONAL INFLUENCES IN HIGH SCHOOL LIFE.

It would probably be the easiest course to speak of the last year of our four in Rutland High School. We have all been thrilled by our removal to the new school building with its adequate equipment, arrangement of classes, its spacious auditorium and gymnasium.

But after all, as we view the gross of our high school experiences, we find it filled with impressions and influences of living personalities. Just as the places we visit are of little importance in compari-

son to the varieties of life that we find in them, so our real school has been, not the fine building important as it may be, but the daily contact with devoted teachers and the habits of thought and work which have been formed by association and example.

Social contacts among the pupils themselves usually have an important influence on our character. During our high school career opinions and judgments are being formed which we shall retain through later life and our high school friends very often influence these methods of thought. Social activities, in which incidentally both teachers and pupils participate, are always pleasant in high school but I think you all know of these, by personal experience or by hearsay, and so I shall speak mainly of the students' contacts with the school instructors during school hours.

Often our teachers must have wondered why they continued trying to instill principles and ideals into boys and girls who appear to take little stock in them. It must seem indeed a thankless task. It is true that often the teachers' words are not remembered but usually the influence and example of their actions and their faithfulness have made a lasting impression.

An idea which I would like wholly to dispel from your minds is the traditional mechanism of the teacher. Today the teacher with the perpetual "who threw that?" facial expression is fast becoming a myth. We all know, that teachers are simply human beings, drawn just as we are drawn from the "tried clay of the common road". We know they have their strong points and their weak ones, their joys and their sorrows, their hopes and their disappointments. You may say that in other days students had more respect for their teachers, but I claim that we, knowing that our teachers are human, not only respect them but like them.

That "humanness" of modern teachers enables them to put themselves in the places of the boys and girls with whom they work. Sympathetic understanding is one of the most appreciated of a teachers qualities. A practical application of this sympathy is the way in which our teachers often try to discover the special hobby with means of expression. They know that often those pupils who seem rather dull in the ordinary studies, may be very clever along some line in which they are especially interested. In order to bear fruit this interest must be sympathetically encouraged.

Another factor of high school education which is of great value to modern students is the informal discussion of current events. Not only in History or Civics classes is this true but in practically every class-room various current happenings are talked over and consider-

ed from their every angle. Thus are all of these studies filled with interest and value.

In discussing certain subjects teachers often have personal experience from which to draw instances to illustrate their opinions. Experience is the best teacher, but it does not necessarily have to be one's own experience. In high school we learn, to a certain extent, to profit by the experiences of others.

A thing for which we must also give our teachers due credit is the broadminded view in which they handle different topics under discussion. In no matter how prejudiced a manner they may feel about a subject they usually endeavor to keep their prejudice from the pupils. They realize that in order to form a true understanding of the topic, the students must see it in both its favorable and unfavorable lights.

Most important of all in our later life will be the idea and practice of self-education which I believe our teachers have tried to make us follow. They know that when we shall no longer depend upon their guidance we must go on learning if we are to be useful and happy. They have taught us that education must stimulate our minds to their own activities and to the completion of their own culture. The most valuable intellectual development is self-development.

Mere information or mere study is not enough. As Dr. Whitehead, a lecturer at Harvard has put it, "a mere well-informed man is a useless bore." Our teachers are realizing that instead of scraps of disconnected subjects the students need: a high personal example; a sympathetic interest, which brings out their own best qualities; a knowledge of current affairs, which helps them to an understanding of the times in which they live; a constant stimulation to translate these ideals and knowledge into every-day action; and the ability to continue educating themselves.

Our teachers have endeavored to give us this sort of inspiration and help, and the measure of their success will be proven in the degree in which we meet our future demands and opportunities.

—Ruth Berry '29.



VESTA RIDLON

STUDENT COUNCIL.

With our installation in the new school this year, an institution was introduced; namely, Student Government. This form of student management, which is coming more and more into practice in the high school of today, has never been tried out successfully before in our school. Of course it is in its infancy but it is gradually growing more valid and we feel certain that it will be, in time, a powerful organization.

This council is composed of seventeen members, each of whom is the president of his home room. This assembly is comparable to our national congress. The home rooms correspond to the states while the council corresponds to Congress. The council members execute affairs for the whole school. There is a presiding officer, vice-president and secretary of this group. This body is under the head of a faculty director and two assistant faculty advisors.

The Student Council is an organization whose purpose is the organization and direction of extra curricula activities. By extra curricula activities, we mean activities outside of the actual school pro-

gram, such as dances, clubs, athletics, and other activities of this type.

For example: the council limits a student to the number of offices he can hold, by not allowing him to have more than five points; major offices count for two points each, and minors one point each. This prohibits a student from holding more than two premier offices. It again shows its authority by not allowing a student to participate in any intra mural contest during the season just following which he has received more than one E on his report card.

This body has worked out also a system by which each home room is awarded points for neatness and attractiveness of the room, for the number of pupils in the room receiving A's, for the least number of entertainments put on by the home room. In this manner a keener interest is aroused in the students and moreover, it is a means of having a neat and attractive school.

This is a democratic form of government offering equal opportunities for each student to broaden himself. As has been mentioned previously, a boy or girl is limited as to the number of offices he or she can hold in the school.

This plan for self-government of students is perhaps one of the most valuable aids in their development in the school. It helps them to develop initiative and leadership. It brings about cooperation with one another and with the faculty. It places upon their shoulders responsibility and teaches them to be self-reliant. It acquaints them with parliamentary procedure. They learn how to conduct business meetings, make motions, and to vote.

It encourages this younger generation to a higher type of activity, at the same time producing a greater interest in the school; so that school is no longer a place just to study; instructors are no longer mere teachers; through close contact with them students come to realize them as real people with personalities.

This Student Government is really a fine project and it is going to be very beneficial to the school when it has firmly established itself, due to the splendid efforts of the Faculty Advisor and his assistants.

In summing up its advantages, one may say, that it trains students in citizenship, the greatest element in the development of our lives.

Much success to it in the future!

—Vesta Ridlon.



HAROLD DAVIS

AVIATION.

For ages man watched the graceful flight of birds and wished that he, also, could fly. Since time immemorial flight has been used as the symbol of freedom. The choosing of the eagle as the symbol of the United States of America is an example of this attitude.

The science of flying is considered new, but it is the result of the study that men have made since the sixteenth century. The basic principles of the aeroplane, the parachute, the helicopter, and the ornithopter were worked out hundreds of years ago; however, I shall omit the early experimenters and pass at once to the real inventors of the aeroplane.

During their youth, the Wright brothers showed an interest in flight by building kites and other flying toys. Their interest was further aroused by the death of Otto Lilienthal, a German who had been experimenting with gliders. After much study on the subject, they determined to build gliders of their own. Although their first attempts were not highly successful, they persevered, and finally built a glider in which they far surpassed all previous flights.

It was now only a short step for them to build a motored plane.

As they could not obtain a motor of reasonable weight which still developed sufficient power for their needs, they were forced to build one of their own. After many difficulties they completed their machine and brought it to Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, where they had carried on their previous flights with gliders.

On December 17, 1903, the Wright biplane, piloted by Orville Wright, left the ground and flew for twelve seconds. This may not sound like an astonishing record, but it marks an important event in history. For the first time, man had flown! As the brothers gained skill in handling their machine, they made flights of continually increasing length. Eventually they established the Wright Aeroplane Company, which still exists, although it now manufactures motors only.

The planes which the Wright brothers built at their factory were practically the same as their first machine, but were larger and more powerful. Driven by a thirty-five horse power motor they were able to make a speed of forty miles per hour. They had a tail in front as well as in the rear, like an elephant. Later, however, the Wrights decided that an elephant was not an appropriate animal after which to model an aeroplane, and designed a new machine, the model B, having the whole tail assembly behind the wings. In all of their machines they employed two propellers at the rear of the wings, driven by means of bicycle chains. The brothers painted their planes with aluminum paint, a practice which is still much followed.

Other aviators soon followed the Wrights. Among these was Santos Dumont, who made the first officially recorded flight in Europe.

Glenn Curtiss, who was destined to become a famous aviator, made the first previously announced flight in public.

Hubert Latham tried to fly across the English Channel, but his motor stopped about seven miles from shore, and he only succeeded in establishing a precedent for Ruth Elder. A few days later, however, Bleriot crossed the channel in his machine, the first successful monoplane, which had a speed of thirty-six miles per hour.

Before 1910, aviators had made time and distance records, but none of them had made any really high flights, and so altitude flights were next in order.

At the beginning of the year no one had flown as high as three thousand feet, and consequently, when Latham flew his monoplane to a height of three thousand five hundred feet, he set a new altitude mark. From that time on throughout the year, higher and higher altitudes were reached and old records were broken by one

aviator after another until Arch Hoxey, flying a Wright biplane at Los Angeles, California, reached a height of eleven thousand four hundred and seventy-four feet, or over two miles. Also, before the close of that year, speeds of about seventy-five miles per hour were made over short distances. Morane and LeBlanc were well known racing pilots of this period.

There were, of course, many other aviators of note. These men are merely given as representatives of the pre-war period. The altitude and endurance marks were continually increasing. Also, aeroplanes reached a speed of over one hundred and twenty-five miles per hour.

Independent experimenting might have continued for years, with slow improvement, had it not been for the World War. Suddenly this fierce test was put on the aeroplane, which was then only nine years old. The next four years saw the most remarkable development ever achieved in any human invention.

At the beginning of the great struggle, there were very few military flying machines, for no nation had dreamed of actual air battles. The war planes were designed for observation or sentry purposes only, with perhaps some expectation of use for bomb dropping.

However, it soon became obvious to the army leaders that, besides observing the movements of the enemy, it was important to prevent the enemy from observing their own activities. Accordingly, aviators on both sides began to carry pistols and rifles into the air with them. There are even cases of bricks being taken along to throw into the enemy's propeller. It was but a step to mount machine-guns on the planes, and then the "war in the air" began in earnest.

Even greater changes were going on behind the lines. The countries at war saw that the "general utility" aeroplane was not efficient. Therefore, they began specializing in different types for different purposes.

Small single-seaters, capable of great speed and rapid climbing were designed for actual air battles. These had machine-guns mounted in front and accurately timed to fire between the whirling blades of the propeller.

For scouting and observation purposes over the enemy's lines, and for directing artillery fire, heavier bi-planes were built, capable of carrying, in addition to the pilot, an observer with his maps and instruments. These planes were equipped with two machine guns. One, which fixed between the propeller blades, was controlled by the pilot; the other, mounted at the observer's seat, could be turned in any direction.

Finally, for long distance bombing raids, very large and powerful bi-planes and tri-planes were constructed, which could lift a great weight of explosives and a large supply of gasoline. Toward the end of the war some of the bigger bombers were covered with steel armor, to protect them from machine-gun fire.

Also, instruments for measuring height, speed, and direction were quickly developed.

Although it has often been said that the aeroplane revolutionized warfare, it is no less true that warfare revolutionized the aeroplane. Inside of four years, aeroplane building, which had previously been an expensive hobby, became an established world wide industry.

Soon a regular passenger and freight service was established between the principal cities of Europe. In the United States an air mail service was begun, and has been extended until it now covers the whole continent, from New York to San Francisco.

Motorless planes, on gliders have been built which can remain aloft for hours, soaring on air currents, as does the hawk. Helicopters have proved their ability to rise vertically and hover over a given point, as well as to fly horizontally; greater and greater speeds have been reached, until short flights of over three hundred miles per hour have been made. Daring flyers have also attained the tremendous height of about eight miles. As for endurance records, the recent flight of the "Question Mark" is well known.

While at the present time the public is most familiar with the aeroplane as a mail, express, and passenger carrier, it is used in a wide variety of pursuits, such as aerial photography, crop dusting, forest patrol work, scientific studies, advertising, geographical study, spotting schools of fish, and in many other ways. In fact, nearly fifty different uses are assigned to this aerial Jack-of-all-trades.

The youth of the United States has swallowed aviation, along with the proverbial hook, line, and sinker, and there is no doubt that these Darius Greens of today will be the Lindberghs of tomorrow. A great variety of models is being built, and this furnishes a fascinating and instructive sport.

The aeroplane has proved its metal, and it is here to save time, help in emergency, and speed the business of the world. There is one other thing that it does, and will continue to do, and that is to give man the triumphant exhilaration of the conquest of the air. Man not only has received his wish of being able to fly like birds; he can even outfly them.

In conclusion, let us give all honor and veneration to the pioneers who gave their intelligence, time, and many of them their lives, to the cause of aviation.

—Harold Davis,



BARBARA BUTTERFIELD

IF WE GO NO FARTHER.

One hears much of the student who, having been graduated from high school, goes on to complete his education in some higher institution of learning. He is mentioned on the Alumni page of the school paper as he progresses on his career. If some honor is conferred on him, he is even given space in a more widely known paper than that of his home-town. He is, of course, to be praised. The average college student strives hard to get an education. A great many students work their way through. Even those who do not work discover that it is no easy matter to obtain a college diploma.

However, there are only twenty-six from our class of one hundred and fifteen who intend to go on to college. What of the other eighty-nine who are going no farther? What advantage will they have or what power of bettering themselves do they possess?

Let us consider the preparation such a student has received in high school to enable him to get the best from life. If he has made the most of his high school course, he will continue on through life to make the most of each opportunity that comes his way, for the present depends on the past and the future on the present. Much

more is due his high school training than is realized now.

For one thing there is the outside reading. This is a very popular part of the English course, although I doubt if, at first, many ever consider it useful. It is well liked and the work required is done without too much curiosity on the part of the pupil as to the results which the teachers are striving to obtain. However, in a very pleasant manner the student, unconscious of the fact, gradually turns to the best books. Even during the four years this change is noticeable and one smiles to think that some novels, which seem so childish now, were eagerly pursued during our first two years of English. When a student consciously reaches for one of the best books with the intention to read it for enjoyment, then a teacher may feel that her goal is attained and that course takes its place in the ranks of useful courses.

From this reading comes the library habit—the use of the school and town library where, in constant association with good books, magazines and papers, the student who remains at home keeps up with the times and knows of the day's happenings.

If the day has been just the same as the day before and life can't be endured the library's shelves are filled with material to make one forget troubles and dwell in the land of make-believe where everything always comes out right in the end no matter what obstacles have been encountered. Romance, necessary for everyone, is given in full measure and life seems much brighter.

In addition the library informs one of new inventions and discoveries in the scientific line in which many students, as a result of their training in school, might perhaps be interested. For in the biology and physics laboratories much useful information is gained in regard to everyday events which may be applied here as in a more remote place.

Biology prepares the student for life by giving him a knowledge of it. It is nature study and supplants mysticism and sentimentality about life by scientific reasoning while creating an interest in living things, their problems, their adjustments, their habits and their similarity to the human race. It helps develop the observational and analytical powers of the student and gives a basis for many of the problems related to human life and welfare.

Physics, on the other hand, teaches one how to meet everyday problems. It treats of the action of force on matter. Having taken this study doesn't entitle one to think he has conquered all the scientific knowledge of the world but, at least, he can fix the doorbell without calling an electrician.

Closely allied to this in practicality is the course in manual training. This is a subject for those skilled with their hands. It is very practical since there is little or no theoretical work. The boys construct articles of wood and are required to make a drawing of their intended work. Thus errors are fewer and knowledge of the subject increased.

Of course mechanical drawing is rather essential to the manual training. This study is under the general heading of Art. To most of us this course is entertaining but not essential. How can a knowledge of curves, lines and colors be useful? A girl would reply instantly that art aids in the choice of clothes. Since the first thought of most girls is for their appearance, doesn't this study justify its usefulness that way?

Sooner or later all of us wish to own a home and the problem of suitable furniture presents itself; again "drawing" comes to the fore. This course teaches harmony in shapes and colors; it gives some knowledge of interior decorating. In all, art makes the world a more beautiful place in which to live—is there anything more useful than beauty?

Another course in school, the practicality of which no one would consider questionable is domestic science. In the new building the course is taught in an attractive suite of rooms which arouses the homemaking instinct of every girl. Formerly the woman's place was in the home. While that is not as true now, yet it is still the desire of almost all girls to have their own homes and know how to care for them economically as to money, time and effort. A good housekeeper generally has much leisure time since she knows how to plan her work.

There is yet another course which claims our attention. This is the commercial course by means of which students are prepared for employment in business. Stenographers, bookkeepers, clerks are given practical training in every branch. The typewriting room gives forth many speedy writers. In the bookkeeping room, students are prepared for work in a room as nearly like an office as possible, a room equipped with an adding machine, a calculating machine and a mimeograph. Shorthand is very well taught and when the business students are graduated, there are few indeed who do not obtain immediate employment since many of them have already had office practice.

Practically every course aids the student who goes no farther to take advantage of what may come and enjoy life to the fullest.

VALEDICTORY

We, the Class of '29, leave Rutland High School with reluctance, for we have had but a glimpse of school life as it should be. Yet, we count ourselves fortunate to have been a short time in the new building and to have helped organize many new high school functions.

We are very grateful to Mr. Johnson and our teachers who have aided us more than we can say, to our schoolmates, without whose cooperation we would never have attained our goal, to our parents who have, by their sacrifice, enabled us to receive our diplomas and to all others who have proved themselves interested in our welfare.

With the memory of these four years engraved on our minds and hearts, we follow our diverse routes towards the realization of our ambitions.

—Barbara Butterfield.

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY.

At last, in the fall of 1925 our dream had come true! We entered high school; an aim which we had anticipated for so long. How proud we were and yet, little did we realize how green we appeared to the sophisticated upper classmen and how much they looked down upon us.

In spite of their superiority, however, we were very much honored when they welcomed us into high school by giving us a Freshman Reception. The only thing that stopped a few from attending was the initiation which they felt surely would follow after the dance. These few surmised correctly, for in the wee, small hours of the next morning, the swelled heads of the proud freshmen were somewhat reduced, when the annual ducking of the newcomers in high school took place in Main Street Park.

We were a somewhat independent group and rather handicapped because of the fact that we did not attend school during the same hours as the upper classes. By December, however, we were pretty well organized and we elected the following officers: President, Barrett Levins; Vice-president, Ruth Pinchin; Secretary, Albert Holland; Treasurer, Arabella Gilmore.

The football team of '25 was very successful. We played eight games, four of which we won. Two were tied, and Lyndon and Spaulding, two of the strongest teams, were the only ones to defeat us. We, freshmen, were as proud of the team as if we had had an actual part.

During the first part of our basketball season, our boys did not appear to do as well as usual. However, we emerged by winning six out of twelve games. The greatest surprise of all being our championship in the Southern Vermont Tournament.

We were very pleased with our baseball team which was defeated only once in the nine games which they played.

Although the number on our honor roll has decreased somewhat, during our Freshman year we appeared to be brilliant. The first marking period we were the leading class, with twenty-six on the honor list. The second time we "slipped", numbering only eleven, but the second highest class.

The next time, however, we were again at the head of the list, with twenty-one.

We were sure that Mr. Phillips could not have done without our few musicians, so, in the fall, Clarice Mintzer, Allen Adams, and William Matthews joined the orchestra.

In order for our class to cooperate and help edit the "Red and

White" two freshman reporters, Barrett Levins and Ruth Pinchin, were chosen.

During this year, the first athletic association in Rutland High School was formed. The freshman who was chosen to represent us in this association was Esther Holland.

When we entered high school in '25 little we realized that it was the beginning of the best years of our life. But even though we have become older, more dignified, perhaps, and prepared to go to college, or to work, how we envy the Freshmen who still have their high school days to enjoy.

We may seem lucky to the class of '32, but how covetous we are of you. Make the best of the days in the future, Freshmen, even though we may seem to be the fortunate ones. You've something which we have not—three more years to go!

—Isabelle Kirk.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY.

What a day was September, the seventh, 1926, for the class of '29. We started out with a high opinion of ourselves with the thought that we were equal to those lofty Seniors. We soon found out that by the two upper classes we were still considered as Freshmen, and thus we receded into our familiar places. Nevertheless, we clung to the thought that we could class ourselves as one of the upper classes.

The memory of our entrance into the Freshman class returned after we realized we were not yet classed with the "jolly" Juniors and sedate Seniors. We took revenge on the incoming Freshmen and for a short time they found out just who was the superior.

In our class Barrett Levins, who, in the preceding year had proved himself worthy of the position, was again elected president; Esther Holland, Vice-President; Ruth Pinchin, Secretary; and Francis Perry, Treasurer. We certainly showed our ability in choosing the ones who should lead us through another busy year.

Our representation on the honor roll was only four and even though the number did not increase to more than six, these people held their places throughout the entire year.

In our Sophomore year the musical comedy, "Pickles", was featured under the direction of Mr. Phillips. Among those taking part in the dances and the chorus were several of our prominent class members. With thanks to those who partook in this successful production, our class was recognized still more by the two other upper classes.

In 1926 the Rutland High School football team was ranked as one of the four leading teams of the state. Out of the eight games played we won six and tied the other two. Canty, Taylor and McCormack deserve a great deal of credit for bestowing upon us this honor.

Although our basketball team won only two games of the season it lost them as only a good sportsman can lose a game. The team was not weak, for it played its hardest every time and developed a defence which offset the weakness in shooting.

The track season ended with the State Meet at Burlington and in spite of the fact that we did not win the contest, we fought our way to the fourth place.

The 1927 baseball team although delayed in starting by the rainy season it made up for lost time and secured many victories throughout the season. With Ed Layden for pitcher and Stevens and Taylor as hitters we made a successful period of it.

Our Sophomore year marks the beginning of a great event, the prospects of the building of a new high school given by the citizens of Rutland.

Plays, dances and other minor activities helped to break the monotony of studying. Thus we passed a most eventful year.

The happy days of our Sophomore year sped swiftly by, and the following September we became jolly Juniors and another glorious year was just a memory to us.

—Ethel Brims '29.

HISTORY OF '29 JUNIOR CLASS.

On September 8, 1928, we again entered dear old Rutland High School, this time as Juniors. How quickly time flies! Does it seem possible that this dignified class could be the same one that had entered high school two years before, as lowly, "green as grass" freshies? Authors tell us that time will tell. This must be true, as at last we showed our mettle as good sports and as ardent supporters of all that the school wished to put across.

We elected four worthy officers as representatives of our class: Barrett Levins, President; Ruth Pinchin, Vice President; Ruth Berry, Secretary; Thomas Porter, Treasurer.

In dramatics, in our social life, in scholarship, and in athletics we excelled.

'29 contributed several players to the football team which es-

tablished a record unparalleled in the history of school boy football in this state. On account of the flood the schedule was cut short, but the team finished the season undefeated and unscored on in seven starts.

After finishing a mediocre season the basketball team entered the Southern Vermont Tournament and were runners up. The following week they were selected to go to the State Tournament. They upset all the dope and won the State Championship.

To that baseball team known all over the state for their successful record, '29 donated many men.

And do you remember the girls' athletics—hockey and basketball and the surprisingly good teams Miss Willis turned out. A large number of '29 girls were on these teams.

In the dramatic line a very entertaining assembly was put on by the Junior English classes under the direction of Miss Marian Hackett. The name of the play was "Grandma Pulls the Strings." It was a huge success.

When the honor roll was published every six weeks there was always a large number from '29.

How dull our assemblies would be without the orchestra. Under the direction of Mr. Phillips we have a splendid orchestra. Their fame is known all over the state. Think of all the members the Juniors gave to this organization.

Every class must have its crowning social success; therefore we staged the Junior Prom on May 22. Needless to say, it was a success.

But again it was June and we ended another school year. We thought it was our last year in the old Alma Mater, for the next September we hoped to enter that new institute of knowledge, the new Rutland High.

We must now cross off the third year of our high school career and turn our minds to assuming the responsibility of a senior class and the superiority which that name implies.

—Clarice Mintzer.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY.

And here we are on the last chapter of our glorious high school career! I omitted the "Rutland" before high school because we really did not enter the Rutland High School until the first of February.

Yes, it was a great handicap as we had no beautiful auditorium, no large building, no spacious "gym" but, instead, we were divided into two factions,—Seniors and Juniors at the Longfellow building and the Sophomores and Freshmen at the Meldon Junior High. But the spirit of '29 has been proved invincible, for everything continued as usual during the first few months. We have had a decided advantage over any other graduating class in Rutland because of our wonderful new high school in which to complete this grand round up of history; therefore those things which we have achieved are not to be wondered at but only to be expected.

Albert Holland with his Freshman Reception Committee, planned an unique entertainment for our first social event of the year. It consisted of a group of pantomines, which kept the "Freshies" pretty busy in figuring out. The plots were very disconcerting, even to some of us old veterans.

The captain of our Football team, Barrett Levins, with Mr. Purdy, led the eleven through many thrilling battles to victory. We all know how hard it is to face defeat in anything even of the slightest importance; but where so much effort, struggle and blood shed enters into the game it is quite a different story. Luckily, our boys only faced defeat once throughout the football season.

Next in athletics came our basketball teams. John Keefe, the captain of the boys' team, set a remarkable standard which was mighty hard for any of the opposing teams to reach.

On the other hand, the girls, led by Florence Perfetti, were successful, also, winning five out of eight games which they played. At this point it is fitting to speak of our little cheer leader. She sure did lend pep and spirit and victory to all the athletics; yes victory, for Barbara's motto with us has always been "Never say beat." And best of all she has lived up to her motto splendidly for she has topped the class scholastically. Not a very easy attainment either with Ruth Berry and Harold Davis such close competitors.

Back again to finish our year's athletic program. Our outstanding man in track, (Francis Crowley), has made a name for himself and his class of which to be proud, while George Ianni and his nine followers have shown high spirit and sportsmanship in baseball.

The tennis team which was organized this year for the first time with Mr. Purdy as its untiring coach, is the perspective champion of the high schools of Vermont. As yet it has defeated every opposing high school team that it has played.

I am glad to say that we have had a great deal of pleasure and success in all of our projects this year. Our Senior play, "Charlie's

Aunt" was acted before two very enthusiastic and packed houses. Boys will be boys but in "Charlie's Aunt" Tom Porter showed in a most clever and coquettish humor how boys can be girls.

John St. John won the school and county oratorical contest which is held yearly.

We have supported among us some fine musicians who have been very valuable additions in Mr. Phillip's orchestra.

Everyone of us has had his and her golden opportunity to shine. That has been perhaps the best result of student council at whose head Vesta Ridlon has stood. It has brought out the individual genius and personality of many who have formerly been unassuming and willing to stay out of the lime light.

The monitor squad, too, has proved to be a very valuable amendment to the former system of Tres Decem.

Our scholastic average was excellent and to Billy Matthews was awarded the honor of the gold key by the National Athletic Scholarship Society.

Yes, we have had every reason to be proud with Barrett Levins, Ruth Pinchin, Ethel Brims and Thomas Porter for our wise officers and guides. Barrett again exercised his popularity to the greatest advantage as president of the Athletic Association.

Our high school days have regretably but naturally come to a close, it is true, but with these and many other never to be forgotten memories, it is just a little easier to pass on out of this dear old environment into a new one which may be equally as fine and creditable if we wish to make it so.

—Virginia Kent.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1929.

We, the class of 1929, Rutland High School, being of a sound mind and healthy body, in spite of reports to the contrary, do hereby make these our last requests to be fulfilled by future Seniors:

Allen Adams bequeaths his fainting spells to Asel Dwyer.

Harold Allen leaves his good looks to Pete Joly.

Irvin Beinhower leaves a room full of silence to the new library.

Ruth Berry leaves her picture to be hung on the wall of the boiler room.

Ethel Brims leaves her dimples to James Scanlon.

Donald Buck leaves his Willys-Knight to the "Oceans of Power

Company."

Ruth Burke leaves Gibson's Dancing Pavilion to Doris Wall.

William Burke leaves school to pose for toothpick advertisements.

Barbara Butterfield leaves her brain for a bath sponge to be used in the shower room.

Richard Candlish leaves a pack of Camels to pedestrian Arabs.

Robert Carpenter leaves a tin pail to "Red" Holden for gathering momentum.

Francis Cioffi leaves a sofa to be used as a work bench by Marion Tyrell.

Raymond Conant leaves High School to become a lieutenant on the staff of General Electric.

Martin Considine leaves school through the key hole.

Martina Conway leaves her speed in typewriting to Miss Johnson.

Anna and Frances Corcoran leave their experiences to True Story Magazine.

George Costello leaves Barney McHugh, but not for long.

Paul Courcelle and John Davison leave High School to dig holes for Saturday Evening Post.

Francis Crowley leaves his track records to the Victor Talking Machine Company.

Dorothy Davies leaves Miss Willis in despair.

Harold Davis leaves a grain of salt to the Junior Class.

Mary DeRose leaves her disposition to Mike Livak.

Richard Dunn leaves his diploma to be cut into paper towels in the wash room.

Marjorie Eitapence and Myrtle Elder leave their free verse writings to members of the Junior Class who are of Scotch descent.

Doris Elmore and Grace Fewkes leave High School to design steam shovels.

Porter Flanders leaves a line of cigarette butts on the smoking boundary of the school.

Francis Forcier leaves Yvonne Thompson long enough to catch up on lost sleep.

Helen Franzoni leaves her artistic skill to Mrs. Doane.

Ira Earle and Janet Goddard leave their motto, "Matrimony is the spice of life," to Ned Rounds and Virginia Chamberland.

Vernon Gage leaves his ear muffs to Henry Hostler.

Charles Dooley leaves his famous "Bum Song" to be sung by Thornton Edson.

Joseph Cantona leaves his initials carved just too cute for anything on his desk.

Warren Goodrich leaves his four front teeth to the city stone crusher.

Virginia Gragen leaves her ferocious nature to Joyce Plunkett.

Florence Grey leaves her walk to school to Ray Sanders.

Walter Hakins leaves his footprints to be mopped up by the janitor.

Kenneth Handley leaves his wild notorious ways to Kiyi Beardsley.

Emily Hayward leaves her passion for peanuts to Louise Baldwin.

Inez Hinckley leaves her glasses to future baseball umpires of R. H. S.

Albert Holland leaves his tenor voice and flat feet to Vic. Bove.

Esther Holland leaves a varied assortment of floor burns to Florence Baldwin.

Frank Hudson leaves his wild oats to be sold at the First National Store.

Margaret Huffert leaves her hair to the Fuller Brush Co.

George Ianni leaves his boyish grin to Mr. Johnson.

Celeste Icolari leaves her gum to the State Health Board.

Raymond Jerome leaves High School with a cloud of dust behind him.

Evelyn Johnson leaves a barrel of powdered glass to be mixed into the food of amateur actors of the Junior Class.

Marie Joly leaves her bathing suit to Miss Hackett to be used as a pen wiper.

John Keefe leaves his fingerprints on the cookie jar in the Domestic Science Room.

Ruth Kelley leaves her Girl Scout badges to Ernest Berry.

Virginia Kent leaves her chewing gum to the waste basket, much to the relief of Mrs. Crowley.

John Kimen leaves an unused history book to Reggie Billado.

Isabelle Kirk leaves her dates to the Rutland Fruit Company.

Elizabeth Landon leaves her winning personality to Lester Kelly.

Barrett Levins leaves his floating ribs to the "Consolidated Life Preserver Company."

Harold Longley leaves his Harvard accent to Joe Paul.

Vera Loucks leaves a dime to John D. Rockfeller.

Charles Marks leaves his height to Harold Baker.

Thomas McMahon leaves his ruddy complexion to Miss True.

William Matthews leaves his picture to the Rogue's Gallery.

Raymond Messer leaves his beard to the Rutland Feather Bed Company.

Clarice Mintzer leaves her membership in the Saturday night Sewing circle to Colin Woodfall.

Henry Moore leaves his shoes to the United States Navy for gunboats.

Elizabeth Morgan leaves her hair to Miss Houghton for a duster.

Thelma Nichols leaves her skirt to be made into a handkerchief by Miss Perkins.

Louis Nicklaw leaves his red shirt to the flagman at the Fairgrounds R. R. crossing.

Harold O'Connell leaves his love for sardines to "Squeak" Quigley.

Margaret O'Rourke leaves her boyish bob to Mr. Turck.

Bertha Patnode leaves her ash trays to the United Cigar Company.

Florence Perfetti leaves a space in R. H. S. to be filled by Ralph Seeley.

Ruth Petty leaves her red flannels to Ruth Bucklin.

Earl Phelps leaves his giggles to Edward Marceau.

Ruth Pinchin leaves her walks home from automobile rides to Lorraine Russell.

Tony Pisinelli and Walter Poquette leave their flat tires to the Rutland Machine & Auto Company.

Reta Pitts leaves her North Clarendon cedar mill to Hall Matison.

Tom Porter leaves his pipe dreams to Ward's Plumbing Store.

John and Philip Quirk leave things as they be.

Anson Ransom leaves his book, "How To Speak Broken English and Crushed French" to Mr. Ireland.

Dorothy Raynes and Vesta Ridlon leave their bills at Ross-Huntress' Store to be paid by the Athletic Association.

Marie Routier leaves her pep to Mrs. Harte.

Harold Sanders isn't leaving anything. He's taking everything that isn't nailed down.

Harvey Sanders leaves his name to the "lonely hearts" editor.

John Sherman leaves his old clarinet to the Brunswick Music Shop.

Lawson Smart leaves a Majestic Radio to the Deaf and Dumb Institute.

Violet Spaulding and Mildred Spicer leave their signatures to be used as endorsements on Lucky Strike advertisements.

George Squier leaves his musical composition, "The Refrain from Spitting," to Mr. Phillips as a new High School song.

Robert Stafford leaves his mammoth proportions to Arthur Dick.

John St. John leaves for Chicago to subdue the crime wave.

William Tarbell leaves all his back numbers of "Peppy Stories" to the Rutland Free Library.

Laura Tosi leaves her silk underwear that she had saved for a windy day to Geraldine Corpron.

Francis Tree leaves his literary composition, "How To Drive An Automobile in Three Parts," to Mr. Purdy.

Umberto Trinci leaves High School with a sign of relief.

Eunice Upton leaves her curls to Ruth Winslow.

Bernard VonDette leaves his fishing to the football team.

Monroe Waite leaves his oratorical aspirations to the International Correspondence School.

Maynard Welch leaves his curling iron to Medrick Myatt.

Holly Whay leaves his flivver to Blumberg's junk heap.

Eunice Willett and Lucy Williams leave for Castleton Normal School.

Elaine Willis leaves her hiking for absent-minded men to Elizabeth Lawson.

William Wolinsky leaves his interest in the doughnut business to Nick Smith. It is rumored that he went in the hole.

Florence Wood leaves her red hair to Clara Bow—'Nuff sed.

Edward Young and his sister, Mildred, leave for Hollywood to work in the "Squawkies."

WALTER HAKINS,
FRANCIS FORCIER.

Witness: Class of 1929.

Trustees.

PASTIMES.

Now you've heard our class elections
These are '29's selections:

Vesta Ridlon, the most popular girl,
Is sweet and demure, but her hair won't curl.

Tied Levins is the most popular boy
But all the teachers he doth annoy.

Virginia Kent is the best looking lass
Of all the girls in this Senior Class.

Harold Allen is the best looking boy
He's handsome 'tis true but not very coy.

It wasn't surprising, after making the test,
To find Ruth Pinchin to be the best dressed.

Albie Holland, is the best dressed boy,
He sets off clothes like Tim McCoy.

"Flo" Perfetti shines forth with distinction
Best girl athlete—goes in her direction.

We've chosen Levins as the best athlete
We know no other would dare compete.

Tallest girl is Myrtle Elder,
One more year and she'll be still elder.

Charley Marks of '29
In his stocking feet is six feet nine.

Grace Fewkes holds the coveted place
Of being the smallest to graduate.

"Mutt" Considine is surely the shortest,
He couldn't be longer if he tried his darndest.

Although Harold Davis was voted class grind
You've got to admit he has a wonderful mind.

The class cut-up is Lawson Smart
As an actor he has a wonderful start.

Walt Hakins is our class wit
He doesn't say much but what makes a hit.

Maynard Welch is the teacher's pet
In all his classes he's had yet.

Ruth Berry is the teacher's pet
She gets her marks, you can bet.

Harold Davis is the brightest boy
To him his lessons are a joy.

Barbara Butterfield of our class
Has won the honor of brightest lass.

The most talkative girl is Clarice Mintzer
Who can always be heard before you can see her.

When Harold Sanders begins to talk
You miss your bus and have to walk.

Harvey Sanders with his Super Rolls-Royce
Has won the title—driver of school taxi.

Irvin Beinhower near the top
Will succeed without a flop.

Barbara Butterfield chosen to succeed
We hope will finish in the lead.

The boy who can dance is Johnny Keefe
After dancing with some, he's a great relief.

Of all the girls, the very best dancer,
Is Miss Marie Jolie, queen of the prancers.

The class vamp is Thelma Nichols,
She's sweet on the boys, but won't be tickled.

Harold Allen is the shiek of '29
And they say he has an awful line.

Vesta Ridlon, if one should ask,
Is the girl who has done the most for her class.

Barrett Levins 'tis fine to say,
Has done something for his class each day.

Vesta Ridlon is always the same
Her gay personality wins any game.

Tommy Porter, with all his jollity
Shows the most pleasing personality.

Harold Sanders is the class pest
We hated to say it but thought it was best.

—Allen Adams.

MEMORIES OF 1929.

Allen Adams of our class is not so bad with a sax
But when it comes to gracefulness that's one thing which he lacks.

Harold Allen with his beautiful hair, every bit of which had a curl
And every time he curls it he has won another girl.

Irving Beinhower, very quiet, is a class leader though
When teacher asks a question Irving says, "I don't know."

Raymond Jerome has written some music that makes one's heart
prolong

And Ruth Berry even says it has made her heart beats wrong.

Here's to Donald Buck more quiet than other guys
But, Beatrice Blanchard says she's fallen for his eyes.

Here's to William Matthews whose sax he does enjoy
And here's to Ethel Brims who says, he's the nicest boy.

Here's to Ruth Burke, no kin of William, though
We hope they will be happy wherever they may go.

Here's to Barbara Butterfield the brightest of all 'tis true
And when she finishes her schooling we wonder what she'll do.

When the donkey sings tenor and the apple hangs from the rose
When cotton grows on lilac trees then George Cahee will have a
straight nose.

Martina Conway of this Senior Class has a crush on Richard Candlish
And the courtship that he gives her excels that of Miles Standish.

When we are old and gray and cannot hardly stir
We'll think of our class caveman and he's Bob Carpenter.

Ray Conant has a mustache below his handsome beak
He has it on the installment plan, a little down each week.

We must not forget Mutt Considine with his many-times lifted map
And every day in English class he takes his beauty nap.

Here's to Anna Corcoran, everyone knows little Ann
For she has searched the town for her long dreamed of man.

Why yes, there's Frances Corcoran and I'm sure I will not have lied
When I picture her in Sunday's paper as Maggie—personified.

Here's to George Costello, home-run king of the class,
Who leaves his heart in R. H. S. with a certain Junior lass.

Here's to Paul Courcelle who won himself some fame
For in the Middlebury race he showed that he was game.

We have a miler in our class, his name is Lawson Smart,
He can beat Ham Crowley any day with a three-quarter mile start.

John Davidson has a girl friend in the little Center Rutland town
And he says she is the sweetest of all the girls around.

Some of our girls are athletes and I'll tell you on the sly
That in a basketball game Dot Davies has a wicked eye.

Here's to Harold Davis who thinks he is so tough
Like the Rock of Gibraltar he's only a big bluff.

Here's to Mary De Rose and everyone doth say
That Mary has a boy friend and we think 'tis Holly Whay.

When Brooklyn bridge is a game of cards and a policeman's club, to
play pool

When Richard Dunn comes out of the fog his grandchildren will be
teaching school.

Here's to Janet Goddard and her boy friend, Ira Earle
Who thinks that a bandeau is an orchestra, lead by a girl.

Marjorie Eitapence, typing champ, is unusually good with the keys
And when there's office work to do Marjorie can type it to please.

Here's to Myrtle Elder, whose tried so hard to reduce,
She's given up her diet and roller skating's no use.

Doris Elmore of this class, who is very quiet, but still
We do not know the lucky guy who will hear her say, "I will".

One little senior I must say has feet of enormous size
And I'm sure, that in a contest Grace Fewkes would get first prize.

When Porter Flanders is angry he looks at you with scorn
But when you see him after school he's in Ingall's popping corn.

Yvonne and Francis sat on the sofa and vain were their regrets
For she had been eating onions and he—smoking cigarettes.

Here's to Helen Franzoni, who has a gift of art,
And when she walks to school she takes an early start.

Here's to Esther Holland and also Vernon Gage,
Who will probably travel together until they are old with age.

Goodrich jumped into his car, pulled the gas a little far,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star, flowers from the G. A. R.

Small things come in big packages, we think that's an awful gyp,
And if you tell Gin Gragen that, a book or something will hit.

Here's to Walter Hakins whom everyone must know
Because he is so witty and his features very slow.

Here's to Kenneth Hanley, a rather girlish boy,
And when there is a group of boys it is he they annoy.

Here's to Emily Hayward and her girl friend, Rita Pitts,
And when they get out of school they are going to the Ritz.

Here's to Inez Hinkley who doesn't say much, but yet,
It's rumored she's to be a teacher in a deaf and dumb school I bet.

When the wedding bells begin to ring and the organist plays a tune
Albie and Pinch will be joined forever on a happy day some June.

Here's to Margaret Huffert, a rather surprising maiden,
Who says she will be hoping and her chest is heavily laden.

Here's to short stop Ianni and the Juniors should shed a tear
'Cause they will wish they had him on their baseball team, next year.

Here's to Celeste Icolari, who is very good at drawing,
But what she'll do after June 13 there is no way of showing.

Here's to Evelyn Johnson also, of our class,
But unlike most other girls she is a quiet lass.

Here's to Marie Jolie, the best in the class in dancing,
And when she struts her stuff, she surely does some prancing.

Here's to Ruth Kelley who dislikes the boys
And says they are useless and merely toys.

Ginna Kent made a cake to please Tom Porter's palate,
Tommy tied it to a stick as an extra croquet mallet.

Here's to Johnny Kimen the quietest kind of boy
Who says it is the best way for no one do you annoy.

Here's to Izzy Kirk, who sometimes looks so sad
But she shouldn't look that way 'cause Don is a good lad.

Here's to Elizabeth Landon whom everyone doth like
But thinks the Boxers' Rebellion was merely a prize fighters' strike.

Here's to Barrett Levins, best athlete of the group,
And through four years of school he's had a Herald route.

When a canary is a jail bird and Sing Sing a popular song
Harold Longley will sing in an opera and we hope it won't be long.

Rock a bye baby, on the tree top,
Don't fall out Vera Loucks, it's a terrible drop.

Thomas McMahon of the marble works is known o'er many lands
But when it comes to talking he'd be lost without his hands.

Here's to Charley Marks, the tallest boy of all,
Who says he doesn't skate 'cause he has too far to fall.

Here's to Raymond Messer who's surely free from sin
But thinks a night club is a common rolling pin.

Clarice Mintzer is quite a girl, three hundred pounds, Oh Gee!
And I shall never quite forget the time she sat on me.

Here's to Henry Moore, the fastest in shorthand,
We hope that in the next ten years a wonderful job he'll land.

Here's to Elizabeth Morgan, happy wherever she goes
And we'll have to give her credit for her cleverness on her toes.

Here's to Pickles Nichols who has much vanity
They say, she is the fifty-eight of Heinz' variety.

Louis Nicklaw of this class has not been with us long
But as for the baseball team he is surely going strong.

Here's to Francis O'Connell, who is very quiet and neat
And when you see him smiling it will surely be a treat.

Here's to Margaret O'Rourke, pious, handsome and fair,
And when it comes to dancing no other girl can compare.

Here's to Bertha Patnode whom we do not know so well
And where she got her curly hair is one thing she won't tell.

Here's to Florence Perfetti, always happy and content
But thinks the Canadian Border is a fellow who pays rent.

Here's to Ruth Petty, the vamp of the band
And when she passes by the boys surely expand.

Here's to Earle Phelps who doesn't like the women
But we know that some day he will change his opinion.

Here's to Tony Pisanelli who may be a grouch
But the girls say they like him 'cause he don't talk too much.

Here's to Walt Poquette with a car has been blest
And all the girls say that they like him the best.

John Quirk of our Senior Class is a noble Athlete,
Has won the hearts of many girls because he is so sweet.

He has a brother in the class by the name of handsome Phil
And when he feels a maiden's touch he faints from the unusual thrill.

Here's to Ansom Ransom the shiek of our class
Who says there is no need of a car running out of gas.

Dot Raynes wants to be a teacher, you know, be called "big shot"
But according to John Sherman she will have to learn a lot.

Here's to Vesta Ridlon whose smile is so sweet
And according to George Squires it is sweet enough to eat.

Here's to Marie Routier whose hair is turning gray
Because she is so worried about Commencement Day.

John St. John is our orator and a tennis champion too,
And when he looks at Babe Ridlon he's telling the world and you.

Here's to Harvey Saunders for whom some girls might fall,
But did you ever see him before you heard him at all.

Here's to Harold Saunders our noble Drug Store boy,
And in whatever room he may be the teacher he doth annoy.

Here's to Violet Spaulding whom everyone she doth impress,
Says she is one of our girls who in this world will progress.

Here's to Mildred Spicer a happy-go-lucky miss
After going to school so long never thought it would come to this.

Here's to Robert Stafford who is not the teacher's pet
But he has to work hard for all that he can get.

Here's to William Tarbell whose music is an art
And as for progress in this world he has a wonderful start.

And there is Laura Tosi a witty little lass
But when it comes to History she is as green as grass.

Then too, there's Tubby Tree the fellow with the great big feet,
And when it comes to wild animals he has Barnum & Bailey beat.

Here's to Umberto Trinci, in his work he is never slack
And if he walked to school each day the railroad would need a new track.

On the corner of Grove & State Streets Eunice Upton is seen to stand,
She stands and stands and stands and stands and stands.

Here's to Bernie Vondette also of this Senior room
And his favorite expression is "I faw down an' go boom."

Here's to Monroe Waite who has done much for the class
 And everyone is wondering who will be the lucky lass.
 Here's to Maynard Welch champion of the water wave,
 "Punky" Wood says she'll get him for the money she will save.
 Here's to Eunice Willett whose wit is not so fair
 'Cause she thinks Paul Revere's horse was only a night mare.
 Here's to Joe Cantona who has been working for a tailor
 And when he gets out of school he's going to be a sailor.
 Here's to Charley Dooley no kin of the actor though,
 He's been sent out of many classes for what reason we do not know.
 Here's to Jeff Rousseau the opposite of Mutt
 And when it comes to dancing he surely likes to strut.
 Here's to Bill Wolinsky a rather ambitious lad
 Who says that juggling sodas in the Spa is not half bad.
 Here's to Mildred and Ed. Young, brother and sister, with many
 friends,
 When I write of them my little rhythm ends.

As ever, Frank "Bump" Hudson.

CLASS PROPHECY.

Year: 1939.

Time: Early, early, in the night before Curfew.

Place: An old shack. The home of Holly Whay.

He is seated at the table reading a book when a knock comes at the door. He rises, opens the door, and in walks another bum.
 "Sanders!" he cries. "Holly", cries Sanders. They both embrace and repeat greeting.

Holly: "Where have you been for the last ten years?"

Sanders: "I've been on a ten year arctic expedition. By the way, what have you been doing?"

Holly: "I am taking the census for the Government."

Sanders: "Have you ever met any of our old classmates in R. H. S.?"

Holly: "Sure, I've met them all, and as a memory of old days I have made a book with the records of what they are doing."

Sanders: "That's great, let's see it."

Holly goes out, brings back the book, gives it to Sanders who reads. After everything he reads, Holly makes a wise crack.

Allen Adams is now playing the sax for Paul Whiteman. He always did toot a mean horn.

The Palmolive Soap people have given Harold Allen a position posing for "that School Girl Complexion". He has that skin you love to touch.

Irvin Beinhower is conducting the Latin Department of the International Correspondence School. Remember he was voted the most likely to succeed.

Ruth Berry is National Girl Scout leader. She is following in her father's footsteps.

Beatrice Blanchard is working in the Woolworth Building. She has risen to great height in her work.

Ethel Brims is now Mrs. William Matthews. Better luck next time Bill.

Donald Buck is sole owner of the Buck, Buck & Buck Sweet Cider Company of North Clarendon. Class reunions are held at his home frequently.

Ruth Burke is travelling around the world selling red hair dye. She developed her formula while in Rutland High.

William Burke has succeeded Willie Hoppe as International Billiard Champion. Even in school days Bill spent his happiest hours at the Bardwell Academy.

Barbara Butterfield has graduated from the Hudson School of Physical Education. She plans to become a professional cheer leader.

George Cahee is still with the Rutland Herald, on the Center Rutland route. He believes practice makes perfect.

Dick Candlish has become a member of the firm of Candlish and Farrell. He was a walking add for Farrell during his High School career.

Robert Carpenter is writing books. His last and most important book is "Wild Times, And How To Have Them."

Joe Cantona has opened a tailor shop. He is occupied with pressing matters".

Frank Cioffi is raising bears on a fur farm. He used to be acquainted with the Bruins while in High School.

Ray Conant is still dodging work. His slogan is "No work and that's that".

Martin Considine has taken over his father's moving business. He's a small man for that big job.

Martina Conway is running her mother's store. She always did know her groceries.

Anna Corcoran runs the only women's detective agency in the world. She's caught every man except her own.

Frances Corcoran is now Librarian of the Rutland High School. She always was a book worm.

George Costello and Barney are raising Cain. That's a good name for a baby boy.

Paul Courcelle is now Mayor of Rutland. He beat all competitors in running for it.

Francis Crowley is employed by The John C. Davidson Construction Company. He always did like road work.

IN MEMORIAM

Dorothy Davies and Walt Poquette were drowned last summer. They parked by the sea shore during low tide on Friday night and were still there when it went out again in the morning.

Harold Davis is doing research work in Chemistry. He always seemed a bit lost.

Mary DeRose is playing the organ in the Majestic Theatre in Burlington. She had talented fingers.

Charley Dooley is still in college. It's never too late.

Richard Dunn is working for the Howe Scale Company. He's putting on weight.

Ira Earl and Janet Goddard are managing the City Poor Farm. Friends in need are friends often.

Marjorie Eitapence is now the World Champion Typist. Remember she was pretty fast in school.

Myrtle Elder is now one of the biggest women lawyers in the world. Her opinion always did have a lot of weight behind it.

Doris Elmore is raising chickens up on the Post Road. She was one girl that never left home.

Grace Fewkes is carrying on the work of Madam Curie. Great minds are sometimes hid in little bodies.

Porter Flanders is living a life of leisure. Bella was always a hard worker.

Fran Forcier is a world famous detective. It takes a crook to catch a crook.

Helen Franzoni is now a noted artist. She draws perfect circles. She had good curves when she was in High School.

Vernon and Esther were married last year at Johnson's Castle. Can you imagine that?

Warren Goodrich is drum major for the Benson Drum Corps. We knew he would be a leader of men.

Virginia Gragen and Maynard Welch are tap dancers at the Clarice Mintzer Supper Club. They shake a wicked hoof in a big place.

Walter Hakins has written a song, "When I Am Half Asleep". Experience is the best teacher in any line.

Kenneth Handley is now head usher at the Strand. He started at the bottom and worked up.

Emily Hayward is a domestic science teacher. Everything she attempts is well done.

Inez Hinckley has written a poem. "All's well that ends well." But who wants to wait that long?

Albert Holland and Ruth Pinchin are members of the International Arbitration Board. They recently settled a dispute between two nations. Incidentally they have a couple little troubles of their own.

Margaret Huffert is now an aviatrix. She was always up in the air.

George Ianni is manufacturing a patented fly killer. He knocked out a lot of flies when in school.

Celeste Icolari is running her father's store. She knows her periodicals.

Marie Joly is conducting Mrs. Collins' dancing classes. She inspired the writing of "Our Dancing Daughters".

Raymond Jerome is running a Railroad Information Bureau. He fits the job perfectly, he was always a man of few words.

Evelyn Johnson is a player in the silent drama. Little girls should be seen and not heard.

John Keefe is living on St. Claire St. in Walla Walla, Washington. He is in the wall paper and wall board business.

Ruth Kelley, Mildred Spicer and Liz Morgan are charter members of "The Old Maids' Club". They were all disappointed in the same love affair.

John Kimen is working in a bakery. He makes perfect rolls.

Mrs. Isabelle Holbrook Kirk Hubbard is defendant in a breach of promise suit by Thelma Nichols against Mr. Hubbard. Izzy yours or Izzy mine?

Mrs. Elizabeth Landon Ryan is suing for a divorce and intends to be remarried. Her future husband is said to be the "Ace" of hearts.

McMahon, Messer and Marks have formed the three M Company. Make More Money.

Harold Longley is now editor of the Rutland Herald. He devoted his life to his work.

Vera Loucks recently inherited a million dollars from an unknown man. Her name should be very lucky.

Henry Moore is working day and night to pile up millions. The Moore you get the Moore you want.

Louis Nicklaw lost his fortune following the horses. He is trying to regain it following them again. He reports business is picking up.

Francis O'Connell has opened a new pool room. He is forever singing "I wonder what became of Handley's".

Margaret O'Rourke is playing the piano in Phelp's Jazz band. Laura Tosi is playing second fiddle.

Bertha Patnode is raising a zoo at her farm in Whiting. She heard the call of the wild.

Florence Perfetti is editor of Snappy Stories. She writes stories of True High School life.

Lucy Williams, Marie Routier and Florence Wood have formed a Man Haters' Union. It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

Ruth Petty is dealing in bonds. The bonds of Matrimony.

Tony Pisanelli was recently wounded in a street fight in Rome. When asked about the incident he replies. My country tizza thee.

Rita Pitts is leading a happy life in Clarendon. There's no place like home.

John and Phillip Quirk are cultivating their farm in Mill Village. They went back to the old country.

Anson Ransom has gained fame as a racing car driver. He did it for the glory of old East Pittsford.

Dorothy Raynes and John Sherman are coaching plays. They started their careers in High School.

Vesta Ridlon is conducting a private school for Old Fashioned girls. She remarked, "I find great happiness in being different and want other souls to know my happiness".

John St. John is a National Tennis Champion. He also won the Ridlon Loving Cup.

Harold Sanders is giving lectures for the Anti-Saloon League. After a recent lecture he marked that he was a little hoarse. We knew he wasn't a gentleman.

Harvey Sanders is living on a farm in Clarendon. It is called "The Barton Home for Old Essex".

Lawson Smart is a rear admiral in the navy. He says, "The first shall be last and the last shall be first".

Violet Spaulding is living at home with her mother. She's waiting for the right man.

George Squier is valet for Sir Francis Tree, the lumber king. He says, "Every tree must have a sap".

Umberto Trinci is a professional football player. Brawn, not brains, count in that game.

Bernard Vondette is still out west. He'll come back when Hos-sick Falls.

Monroe Waite is still trying to be a writer. He believes where there's a will there's a way.

Holly Whay is doing research work in the Ford Plant at Detroit. He believes that when anything goes wrong, go back to the beginning.

Eunice Willett and Elaine Willis have both rejected suitors. Their slogans are "Ever Wilett and Ever Willis".

Bill Tarbell is leader of the Albany City Band. He's making a big noise in the city.

Bob Stafford just left for a Missionary Post in Africa. The natives will be glad to know that he is short and sweet.

Eunice Upton is living a happy life with friend husband. She was not a girl that men forget.

Willie Wolinski has bought out the Soda Spa and is serving free sodas. One for all and some for each.

Edward Young is now a boxer known as Young Edwards. He also has two of his own.

Mildred Young is making a tour of France to better prepare herself for married life. He's not a Frenchman, he's a Canadian.

Alfred Rousseau is working for his father painting signs. He's making his mark in the world.

Tom Porter and Virginia Kent are now on their honeymoon in South America. Tom wanted to see Brazil, where the nuts come from.

Patrick Barrett Levins is manager for the Levins-McKay canine show. He does all the barking.

—Howard and Holly.

COMMENCEMENT.

This is the day when we accept the pledge
 Bequeathed from generation to generation
 The pledge to be brave
 For only the brave can win.
 The promise to know happiness
 And thru happiness to know contentment,
 Not perfect contentment
 But contentment with a will to succeed.
 A promise to have vision,
 Vision to see beyond despair
 To the day when hope will be fulfilled.
 The pledge to have patience,
 And pity for the weak in this world.
 To admire greatness in others
 When we our-selves are not great.
 To have the ability to apply the knowledge
 We have gained throughout our life.
 Then we shall have found life's secret
 And have learned from her aged page
 Our life today is no harder to live
 Then it has been age after age. —Margaret Huffert.

TO THE CLASS OF '29.

For four years they have traveled
 Through the halls of R. H. S.
 And may they travel the halls of fame
 With glory none the less.

Ne'er has there been a truer class
 To this our dear old school
 Than the class of '29
 Who has reached its four years' goal.

Now their High School days are over
 Through the open doors they pass
 Leaving only a few fond memories
 Of their great unrivaled class.

So we bid you adieu and not good-bye
 Dear old class of twenty-nine
 May the best that life can give you
 Be yours throughout all time. —R. B. '30.

CLASS SONG

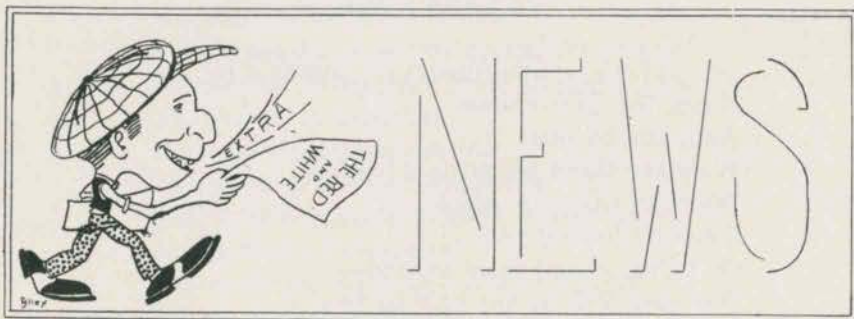
(Tune—"Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi")

When the day is done
 And, one by one
 We leave these old portals behind,
 We shall take our place
 On the life-long race
 Of fortunes and fates to find—
 Our road will be not half so free
 Of the cares of the world—so they say,
 But thru out the years, we will think mid tears,
 Of this our happiest day.

CHORUS:

Our school days are done
 And the setting sun
 Now shines on our graduates
 With a tear and a sigh
 We shall bid good-bye
 To our friends and our old schoolmates;
 Thou distance keep us far apart
 Our spirit will not die,
 For the mem'ries will last
 Of the days that are past,
 Farewell, dear old Rutland High!

—Margaret O'Rourke '29.



CIRCUS.

Room 102 staged the first Home Room program, April 11, in the form of a Circus.

The affair started off with the customary parade, wild animals, elephants, clowns, a negro band, and even the ever popular vendor, who sold peanuts, candy and balloons at intervals during the performance. "Tied" Levins started things rolling when he, as a barker, did the usual shouting. Tom Porter was ring-master and dressed in swallow-tail coat with a high hat, looked quite realistic.

Some of the people who helped to make the circus a success were: Laura Tosi as a wildcat and her trainer, Florence Perfetti; George Squires and Walter Poquette were the elephant's feet with Tubby Tree as trainer. Maynard Welch and Virginia Gragen showed real skill in some acrobatic stunts, while Elizabeth Morgan, acting the part of a tight-rope walker and Elizabeth Landon as a bare-back rider, both drew much applause. Walter Hakins was the vendor and Bernard Vondette and Harold Longley clowns. Country spectators were: Clarice Mintzer, Isabelle Kirk, Virginia Kent, Thelma Nichols, and many others.

During the performance the negro band blared away in true circus fashion.

RADIO PROGRAM

April 25, Rooms 214 and 103, Station OKMNX, broadcasted a program which drew many laughs from the audience. The entire cast was dressed in funny clothes which added greatly to the amusement of the students.

Among those taking part were: Harold Howard, station an-

nouncer, Raymond Holden, announcer for the company presenting the program, Eleanor Hiedel, Mary Harrington, Courtney Flanders, Joseph Flanagan, Delmar Durivage, John Hatch, Dorothy Krans, Winston Goddard, Thornton Edson, and Charles Dooley. Fred Harrington and Frank DeLorenzo acted as stage helpers. Maynard Welch gave two violin solos accompanied by Vesta Ridlon.

MAY 2.

Many fine assemblies have been presented for the benefit of the students this last six weeks. Among those particularly pleasing was the one in which Mr. Parks of Boston helped solve the problem of "After High School, What?"

During the school day he remained in the office consulting and aiding pupils who were still in doubt.

Much thanks is due Mr. Parks who is young enough to understand and yet old enough to give sound advice.

May 8.

A musical assembly is always appreciated and the second one this year was received with great applause. The freshman musician Medrick Myatt, practically was the "hit" of the show. Gifted with a rare understanding of music, he is one of the rising members of the orchestra. Of course, we heard other favorites and "Bill" Tarbell delighted us with two xylophone solos. In all, this assembly was concluded with the applause of the audience lasting long and loud.

May 15.

Two Junior home-rooms, 201 and 203, entertained with a musical program. One of their main attractions was Amelia LaParle and her Ukelele Girls. Attractively garbed in overalls these lassies proved very popular with their schoolmates as did the Harmony Twins and Yvonne Thompson with her dancing chorus. It is fun to watch others display their talents and when they do it well we are proud to say that they are our classmates. These home-rooms programs are very beneficial and entertaining too!

JUNIOR PROM.

The Junior Prom, which was held May 3rd from 8.30 to 12, was all and more than had been anticipated. The gymnasium was attractively decorated in rose and gray crepe paper under which one hundred couples danced. Streamers, added to the gayety. "Bill" Mangan's orchestra provided the necessary music.

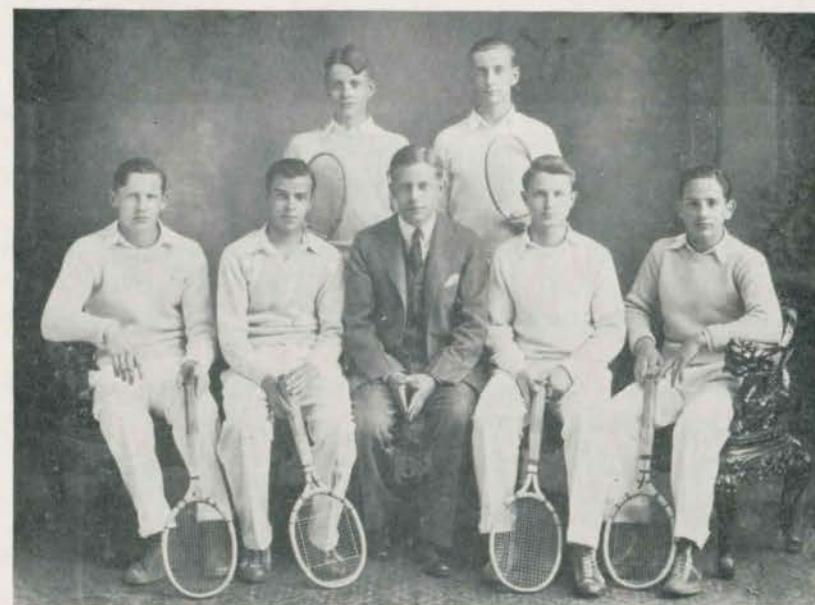
Ice cream and cake were served during the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Purdy, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hayden, Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. George N. Harman, Miss D. Newton and Judge H. L. Kingsley were patrons and patronesses.

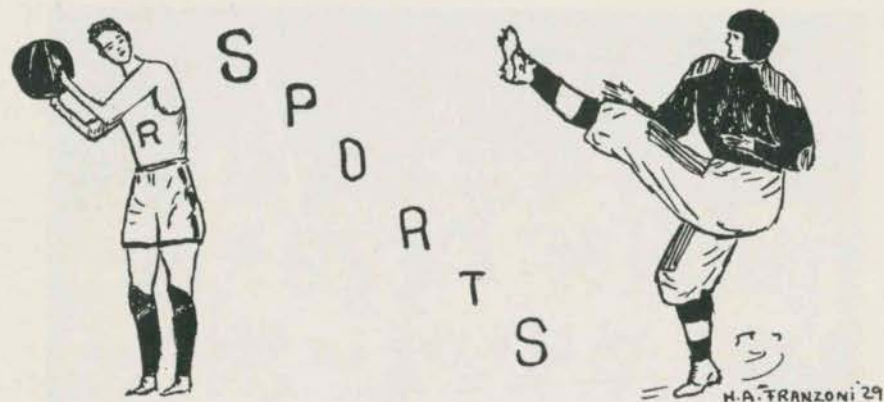
The committee in charge consisted of Ruth Bucklin, chairman, Alice Chalmers, Marjorie Juleff, Edward Marceau and James Scanlon.



BASEBALL



TENNIS



"HAM" CROWLEY WINS MIDDLEBURY ROAD RACE.

Running in competition with four other High Schools our Red and White boys secured four places out of the first ten in the three and one-half mile Middlebury road race.

Francis Crowley, the "Vermont Flash", won the race by a fifty yard margin, easily outclassing all rivals. Pillon, Rousseau, and Courcelle also placed for Rutland.

BASEBALL.

Coach "Ace" McKenzie's Rutland High Baseball team have made a good showing so far this year although not State champions. New material has been broken in and experience gained, which should promise good teams for future years.

Ray Knights has developed into a valuable asset for Rutland High in the pitching box. Pete Joly, Vick Bove, Fred Lanahan, and other new comers to the squad showed up well, and can be counted upon for next year.

Captain Ianni, George Costello, Tied Levins and Manager Forcier will be lost by graduation.

VARSIITY GYMN.

For the first time in the history of Rutland schools a "gym" team has been developed under the supervision of Coach Hayden. Timmy Thompson has been elected Captain and Bert Hyland Manager.

The team has been working hard and has shown up well in every exhibition. It is hoped that in future years matches will be made with other high schools.

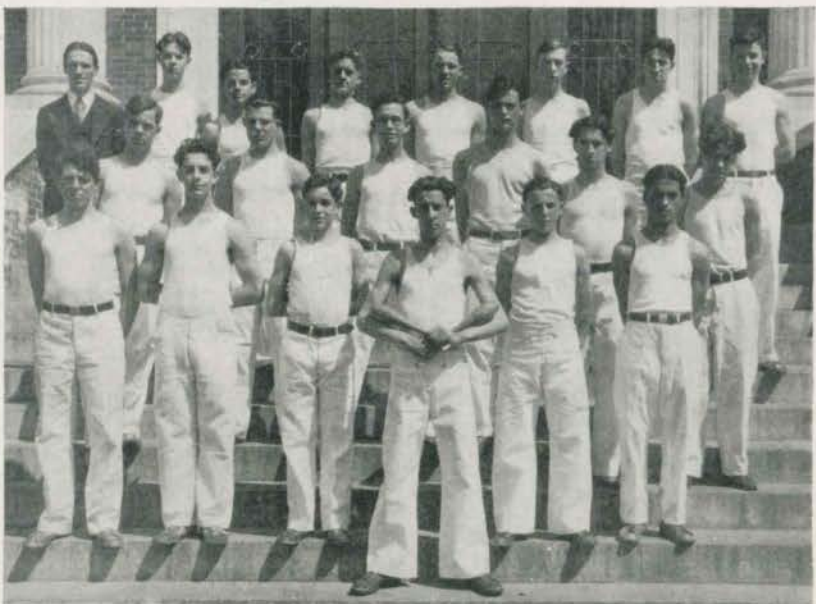
TENNIS.

Tennis, one of the foremost American sports, has been successfully introduced into major sports of Rutland High. Only a boys' team has been developed although keen interest is shown in the sport by the girls, and it is hoped that in another year a R. H. S. Girls' Varsity Tennis team will be organized.

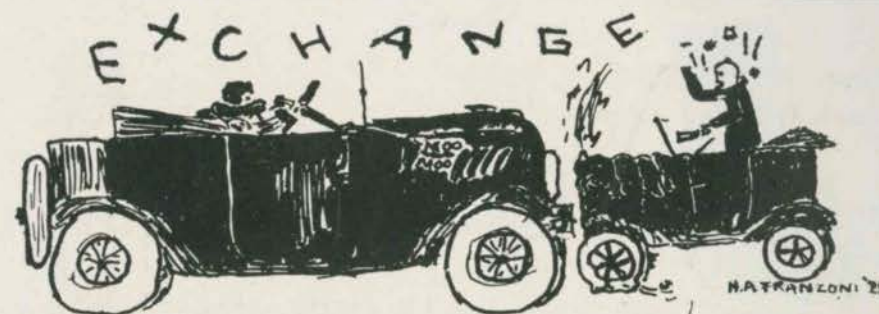
Under the direction of Coach E. R. Purdy, a former University of Pennsylvania player, our boys have the strongest team in Vermont high schools. Art Dick, Ralph Seeley and Richard Stevens will play again next year, while St. John, Matthews and Adams of this year's team, will be lost by graduation.



TRACK



LEADERS CORP



"OUR OPINIONS".

Time—Seven-thirty P. M.

Place—"Exchange Club-house."

List of Characters:

1. Miss "Red and White."
2. Miss "Skool Nooz."
3. Miss "K. H. S. Enterprise."

Scene I.

Enter Miss "Red and White"—"Dear me I am the first one to get here, there are some of our Club members who are not attending very well. Still here comes Miss K. H. S. Enterprise. I must pay her a very much deserved compliment when she comes in. She is so interesting and such a wonderful mixture, just enough good stories to be sensible, just the kind of jokes to be spicy and her poetry is better, I believe, than the poetry of any other members of the club."

Enter—Miss "K. H. S. Enterprise"—"Good evening Miss Red and White; I just love these meetings when we are all together don't you? I believe Miss 'Skool Nooze' is coming tonight, she is to join the club."

Miss "White and White"—"Oh, she is a very clever little woman isn't she and I know she will add a great deal of fun and entertainment to our club, because she has the best ideas and is so friendly and such a good mixture. I am sure you will like her."

Miss "K. H. S. Enterprise"—"Once I heard her say this of you, 'Your literary department is fine, also your jokes.' So she likes you, evidently."

Miss "Red and White"—"I certainly appreciate the criticisms. But here comes Miss 'Skool Nooz' now so we must change the subject."

Curtain.

Scene II.

Time—One hour later.

Place—Same as Scene I.

Miss "Skool Nooz"—"How interesting this meeting has been tonight."

Miss "Red and White"—"Yes, and how do you like the different members of our club?"

Miss "Skool Nooz"—"Oh, I like every one of them but some members stand out. By-the-way Miss 'K. H. S. Enterprise' gave a great boost to you. She likes your jokes, says they are 'great', and that your 'editors' have done fine work. Well, we must adjourn now till our next meeting and let's hope it proves to be as interesting as this has. But, before we adjourn listen to what one of the other members of the club remarked, 'And when I think of the 'Red and White' from Rutland, Vermont, I fill right up with atmosphere and London (I don't mean I get dense—I mean my mind doesn't become foggy—quite the contrary!) Speaking of suspense I never read a short more intriguing. Gee, I couldn't make out whether the detective was Earl of Westchester himself or whether the Earl was involved or what. Course I know now, but even then the story didn't end as I expected. Such a story is worthy of publication in a current magazine even if I say so. And believe me I didn't sneeze at 'Smoked Heron' or 'The Third Day' or 'My Pal'. Honest Injun—they're all dandy. She even quoted the first two stanzas of 'My Pal'."

Miss "Red and White"—"I am very much pleased to receive such a compliment, I am sure."

Exit, Both.

—o—



Our alumni at U. V. M.

Chester Rutkowski, an alumnus of R. H. S., is pitcher on the baseball team. Harold Adams has recently been elected to Key and Serpent, the men's honorary Junior Society. Aldo Franceshi is a member of the U. V. M. Varsity Track team. When the team recently played the Mass. Aggies, Aldo scored in the high jump. Sam Howard, also a member of the Varsity Track squad, tied for first place in the high jump and finished third in the 120 yard high hurdles. Harry Dorian has recently been elected a member of the Gold Key, the men's Honorary Society. Harley Chatterton has been appointed photographic editor of the 1931 Ariel, a year book published by the Junior Class. He is also one of the members of the Men's Glee Club and he participated in the New England Glee Club contest.

A son was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Wells Isham. Mrs. Isham was formerly Miss Marcia Puckridge.

Mr. J. Frank Burke, an alumnus of R. H. S., is the Agency Director of the New York Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Temple Russell '24 has a position with the Lawyers' Co-operative Publishing Company at New York City.

Marion LaVenture '28 is employed at Landon's.

Jean Davis '27 was married recently to Lawrence Lilly of this city.

Joe Mangan '28 has a position with the Cornell Collegians' Orchestra at Rochester, N. Y.

Marie Nichols '27 is training at the Rutland Hospital.

Ruth Woodfall '28 is working at Robinson's Coal office.

Vivian Gibbs '28 is employed at Duffy's store.

Ellen Selva, Nellie Alexander, Bernadette Signor, and William Moreau, all graduates in the class of '28, are working at the Howe Scale Company.



Mr. Turk: "Candlish, give me the definition for perpetual motion."

Dick (brightly): "A woman and three kids at a toy counter."

Pete: "Wally, just to show you how much I think of you, the day you get married I'll give you a twelve piece silver set for a present."

Holly: "No kidding, will you?"

Pete: "Absolutely, eight nickles and four dimes."

Mr. Purdy: "Allen, what's our National bird?"

Harold: "Lindbergh."

Our idea of a conceited man is the one who takes harp lessons.

Doctor: "Deep breathing, you understand, destroys microbes."

Puss Snyder: "But doctor, how can I force them to breath deeply?"

Marion Terrill: "I want one of those strong silent men full of grit."

Tom Reed: "What you want is a deaf and dumb ash man."

Porter: "Did you pass your history?"

Tree: "No, but I was the highest of those who failed."

Mr. Turk: "Give me the formula for water."

Goodrich: "H. I. J. K. L. M. N."

Mr. Turk: "No!"

Goodrich: "Yesterday you told me it was H2O."

"Goof" Martin: "Well Dick, what did you catch yesterday?"

Stevens: "10 trout and six days' detention."

Woodfall: "My girl says I'm a wit."

Lanahan: "Well, she's half right."

Prof. (speaking over phone): You say Jimmie Scanlon has a bad cold and will not be able to attend school to-day? Who is this speaking?"

Voice (hoarsely): "My father."

Freshman (at show): "When are the Indians coming in?"

Senior: "Hush, child, there are no Indians."

Freshman: "Then who scalped the men in the front row?"

Ned Rounds: "When I was young the doctor said if I didn't stop smoking I would become feeble-minded."

Gin Chamberlin: "Well, why didn't you stop?"

Charles Marks: "How did you like 'Ashes of Vengeance'?"

Walt. Hakins: "If you're referring to that cigar you gave me it was sure well named."

Doctor: "You cough more easily this morning."

Bud Franzoni: "Yes, I've been practising all night."

Holly: "That's an awful accident you've got there Matthews."

Billy: "'ats no accident, 'ats an R. F. D. car boy."

Wally: "What do ya mean R. F. D. car, huh?"

Matty: "Rescued From the Dump."

Louie Rousseau: "I had a date with a professional mind-reader once."

Jeff Rousseau: "How did she enjoy the vacation?"

A green little Frosh in a green little way,
Some chemicals mixed just for fun one day
Now the green little grasses tenderly wave
O'er the green little Freshman's green little grave.

Porter Flanders: "Bill burned a hole in his pants."

John Kimen: "Did he have insurance?"

Tom Porter: "No, his coat covered the loss."

Mr. Turk: "What's the most important law in physics?"

"Clayt" Maurice: "Shake well before using."

Howdy Morse: "What did you say?"

Jack Ramp: "Nothing."

Howdy Morse: "Of course. But did you express it this time?"

Goddard: "Did you get the jelly doughnuts I sent after?"

Keirstead: "No, the store was closed."

W. Goddard: "What! At this time of day?"

Keirstead: "Sure, there was a sign at the door that said 'Home Baking'."

Miss Trevett: "Where are bananas grown?"

G. Gagen: "South America."

Trevett: "Where about?"

G. G.: "Caribbean Sea."

Miss T.: "What is the recent interest in the islands of Haiti?"

J. Keefe: "Race tracks."

Of all the queer sensations
There's none that can compare
With stepping in the darkness
On a step that is not there.

Harold Baker: "I'm staying home next Friday night."

Vernon Gage: "My girl has a date with someone else too."

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Salesman: "And can't I sell you this pair of wonderful book-ends?"

Pete Taylor: "Certainly not. All my books have ends."

Teid Levins: "You aren't sick are you?"

Beany McKay: "No, but I'd hate to yawn."

Miss Howlett: "Who was King of France during the Revolution?"

Harvey Sanders: "Louis the 14th, no the 16th, no, yes, oh, well he was in his teens anyhow."

Mrs. Crowley: "Monroe, what have you there?"

Waite: "Some insect powder."

Mrs. Crowley: "Oh, my dear boy, you're not going to commit suicide, are you?"

Mr. Ireland, in astronomy class: "Which is farther away, Australia or the moon?"

I. Lash (quickly): "Australia."

Mr. I.: "What makes you think so?"

Lash: "Well, we can see the moon but we can't see Australia."

J. Keefe: "Did you ever hear about the Scotchman who got 9c worth of goods and left a cent on the counter?"

Porter: "No!"

Keefe: "You never will."

P. Bishop: "Why does Routier close his eyes when he plays the piano?"

Blaise: "I suppose he hates to see people suffer."

V. Bove: "I do my own thinking personally."

Billado: "Are you bragging or apologizing?"

Ed. Vargas: "Don't take geology."

R. Fox: "Why not?"

Ed.: "It's as hard as rocks."

Vargas: "Gee, you're good looking."

Mondella: "Don't flutter me so!"

"Non paratus" Holly dixit.

Cum a sad and doleful look

"Omne vectum" Prof. Respondit

Nihil scripsit in his book.

Prof. Ireland: "Where do bugs go in winter?"

Jamie Slattery: "Search me."

Joe Cantona: "What is a waffle?"

Dizzy Conway: "A pancake with cleats on."

Ham Sanders: "We'll be friends until the end."

Monk Laird: "Lend me ten dollars."

Ham Sanders: "That's the end."



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